TO THE RIGHT VVORSHIPFVLL, AND MY MVCH respected good friend, Sir WILLIAM OWEN, Knight, &c.

SIR:

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MICHAEL EAST.

~~D 145~~

K. 2. d. 6.

CANTVS.

THE *FIFT SET OF* BOOKES, VVHEREIN ARE Songs full of Spirit and delight, So Compoſed in 3. Parts, that they are as apt for *Vyols* as *Voyces*.

NEWLY PVBLISHED by *Michaell Eaſt*, Bachelor of MVSICKE, and Maſter of the Choriſters in the *Cathedrall* Church of LITCHFIELD.

LONDON:
Printed by *Thomas Snodham*, for *Matthew Lownes* and *Iohn Browne*. 1618.

Cum Priuilegio.

THE TABLE.

TRip it lightly.	I
Turne round about.	II
Fly not away.	III
Softly for falling.	IIII
My louely *Phillis*.	V
And I as well as thou.	VI
Loue is a toye.	VII
Sweet Lady ſtay.	VIII
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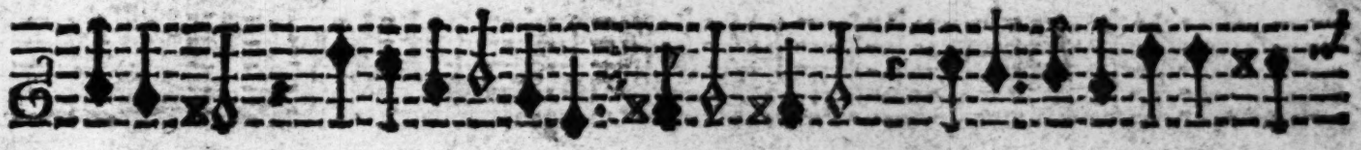
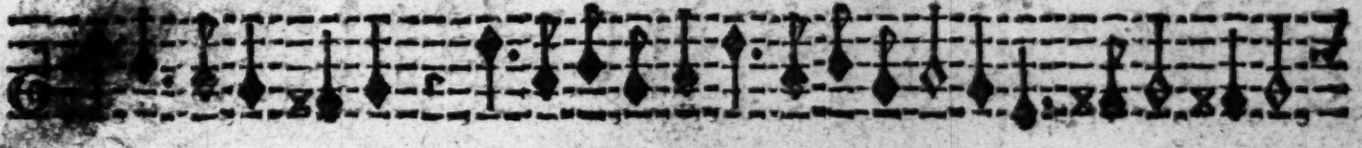
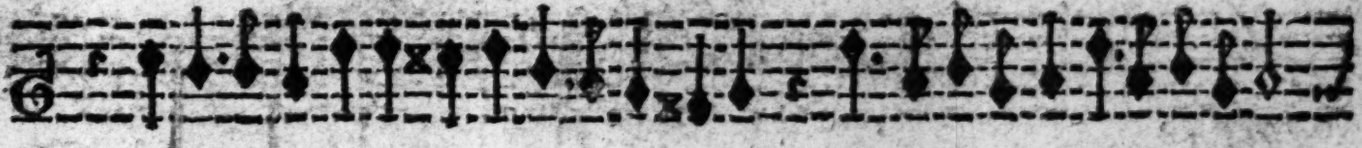
Smooth and ſoft.	XX

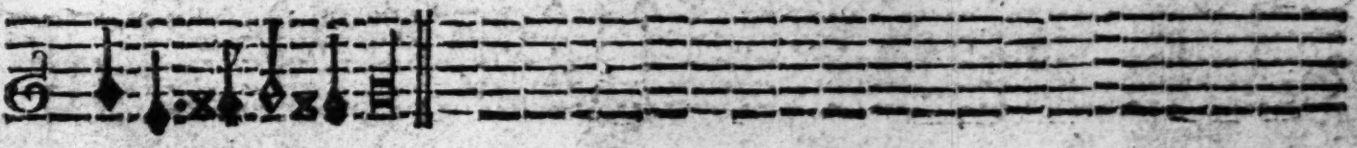
FINIS.

Rip it lightly.

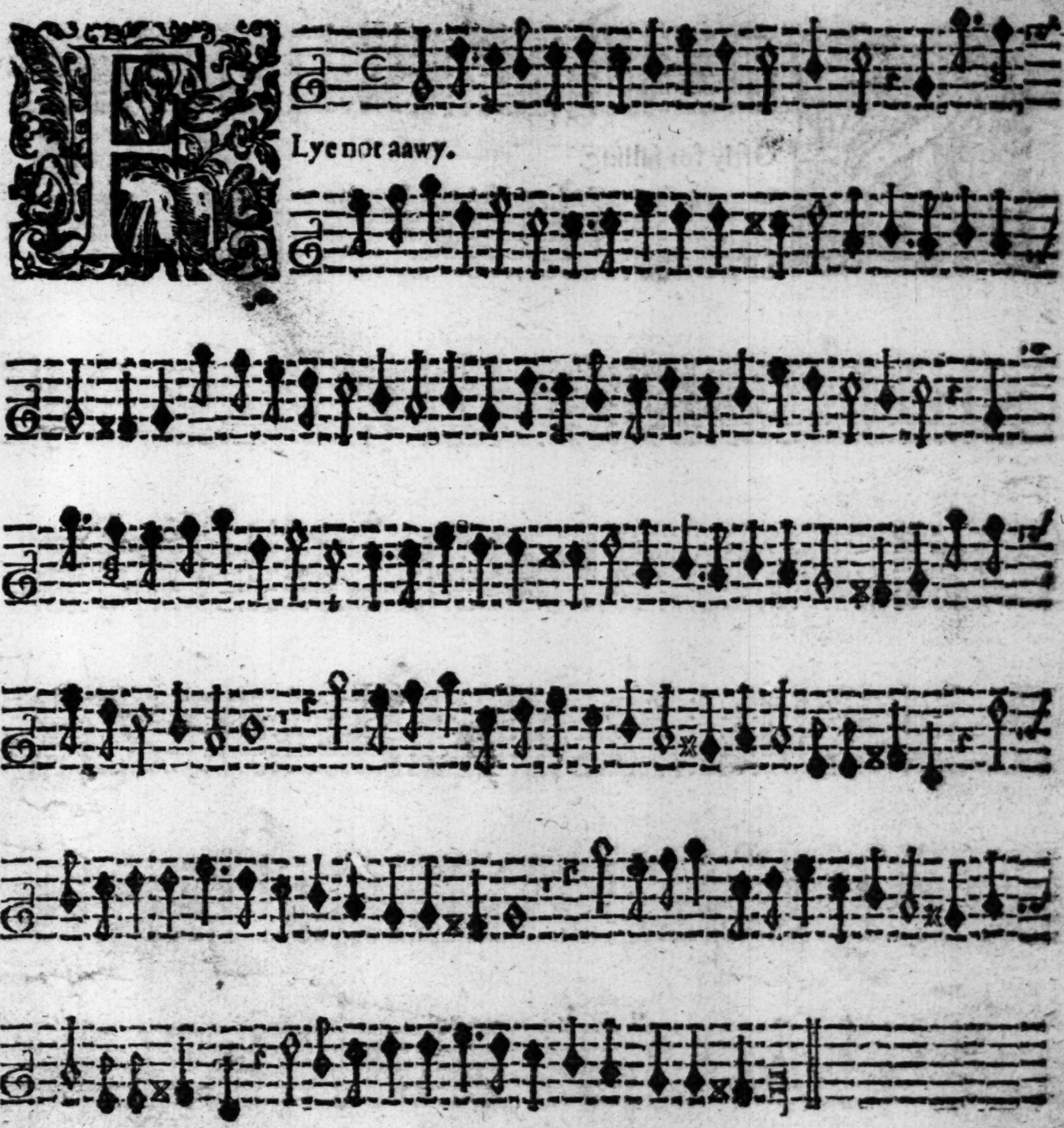








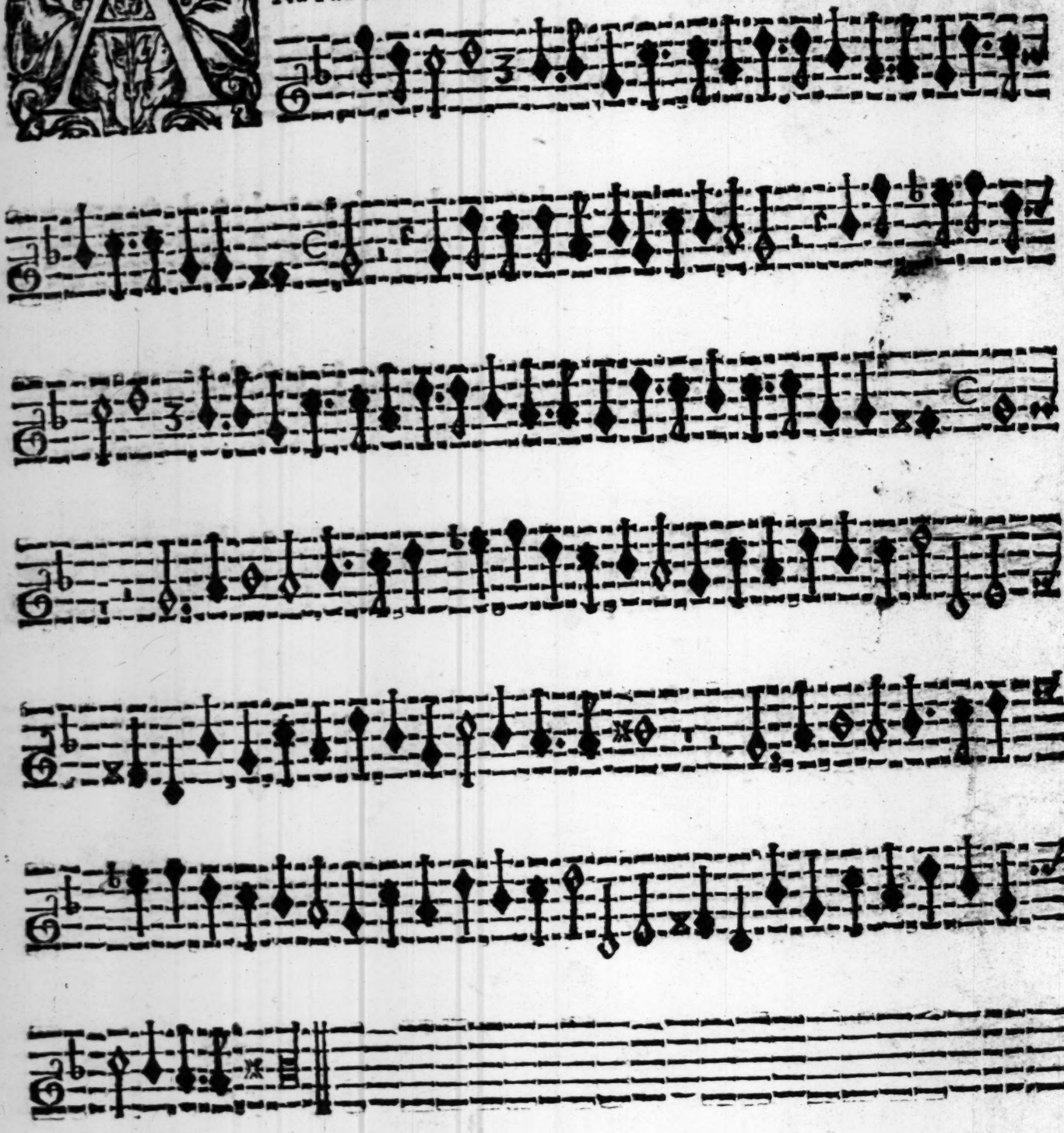
Vrne round about.

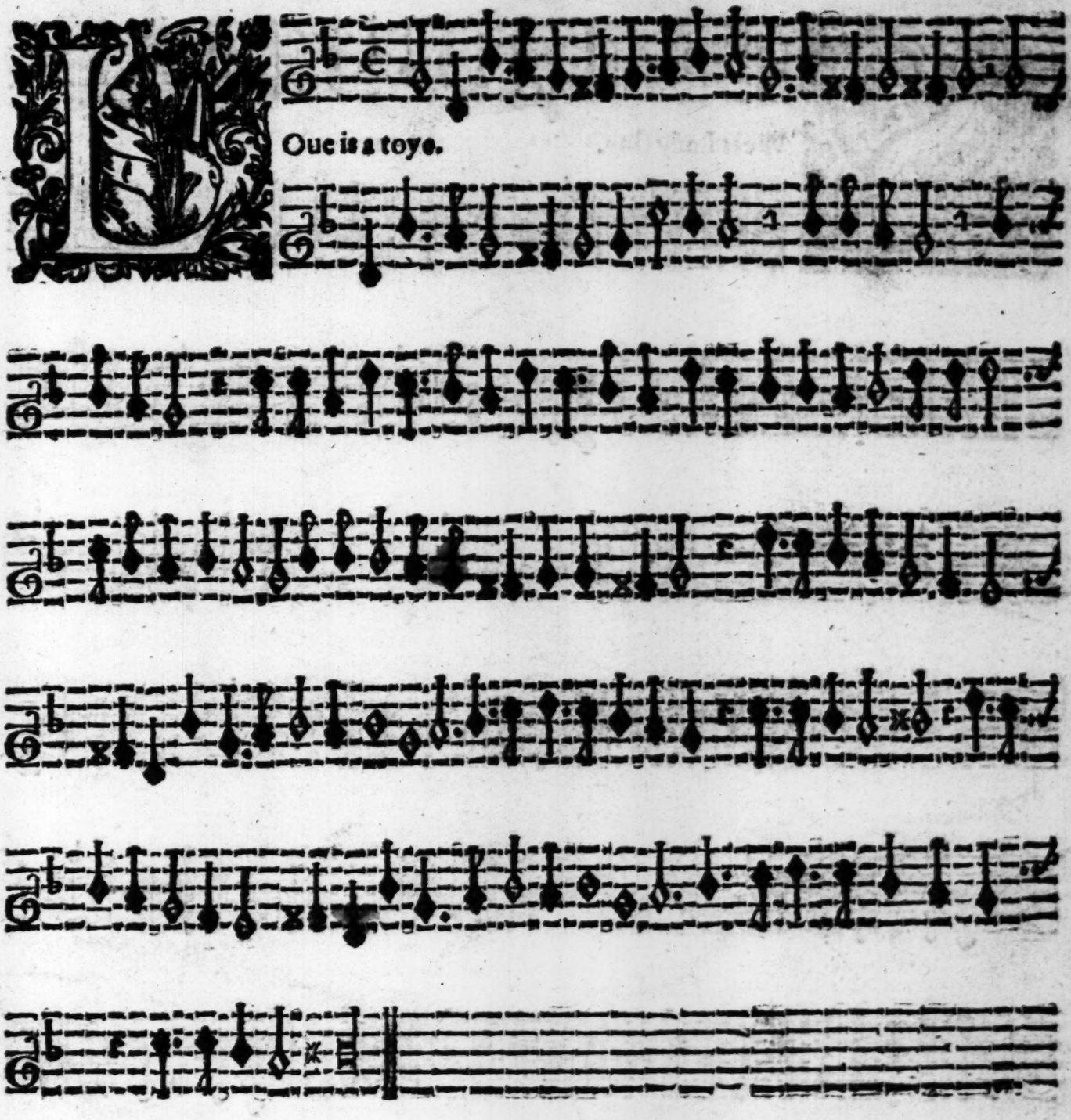

Lye not aawy.

Oftly for falling.

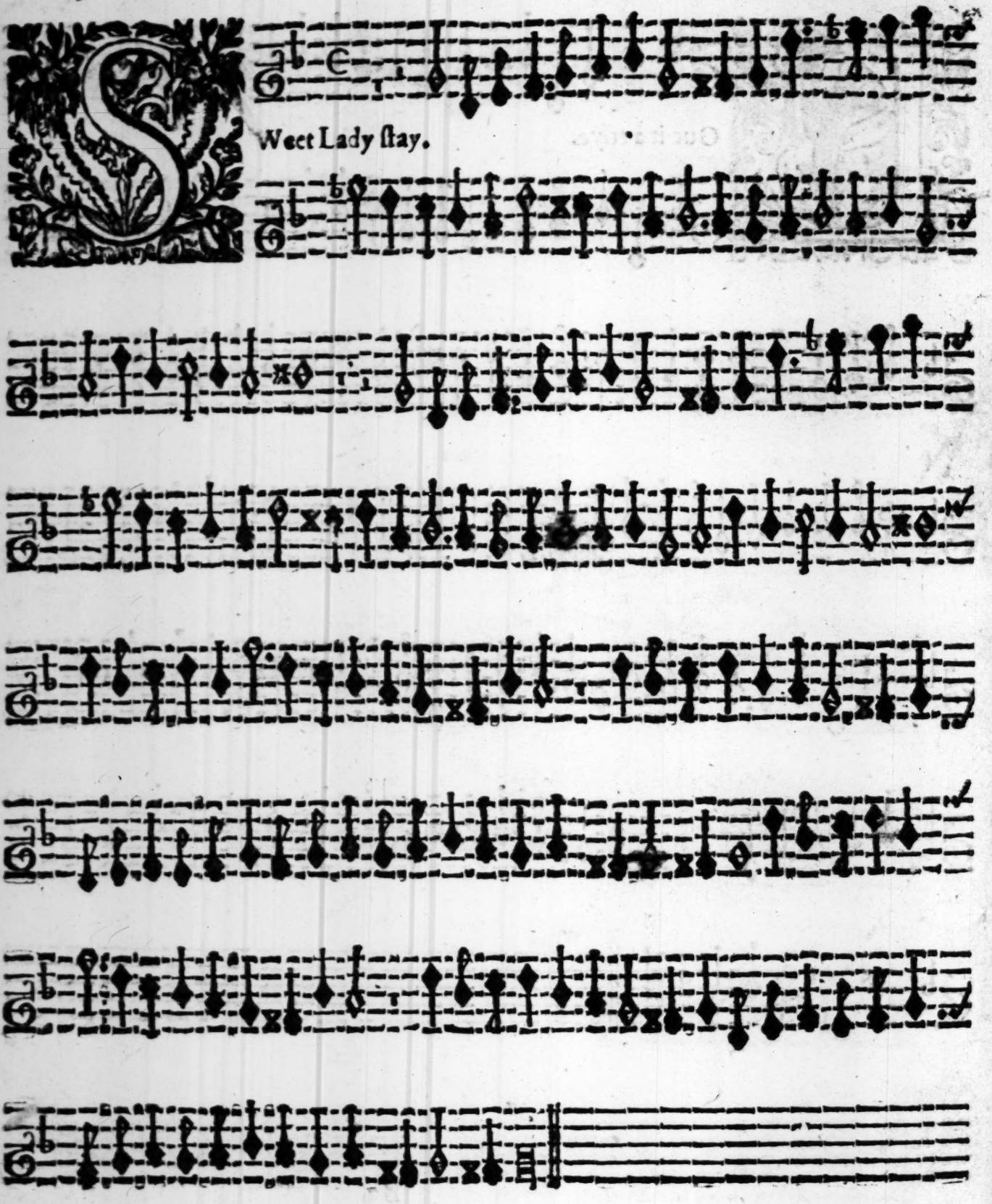
Y louely *Phillis*.

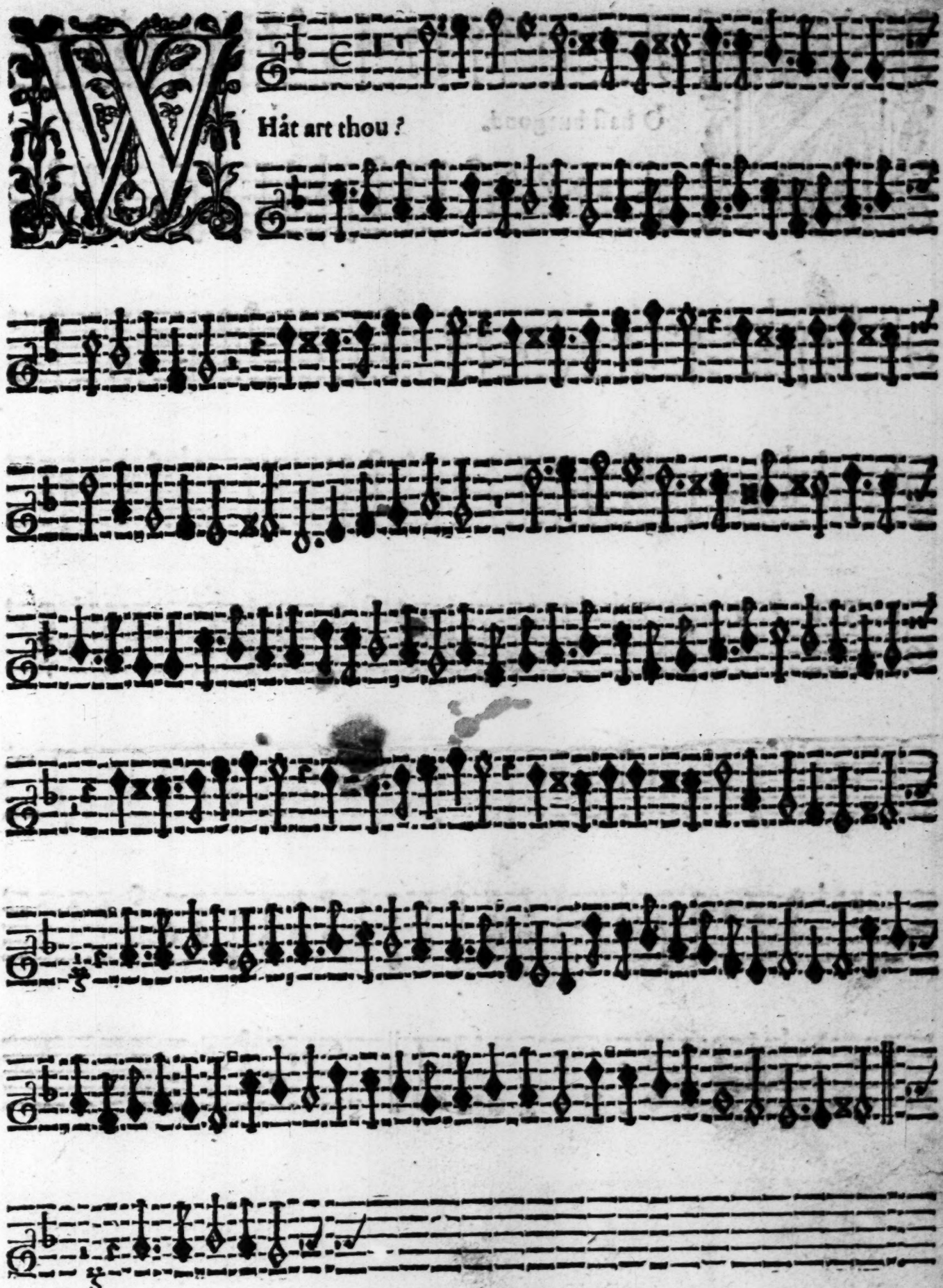
Nd I as well as thou.




Loue is a toye.

Weet Lady ſtay.

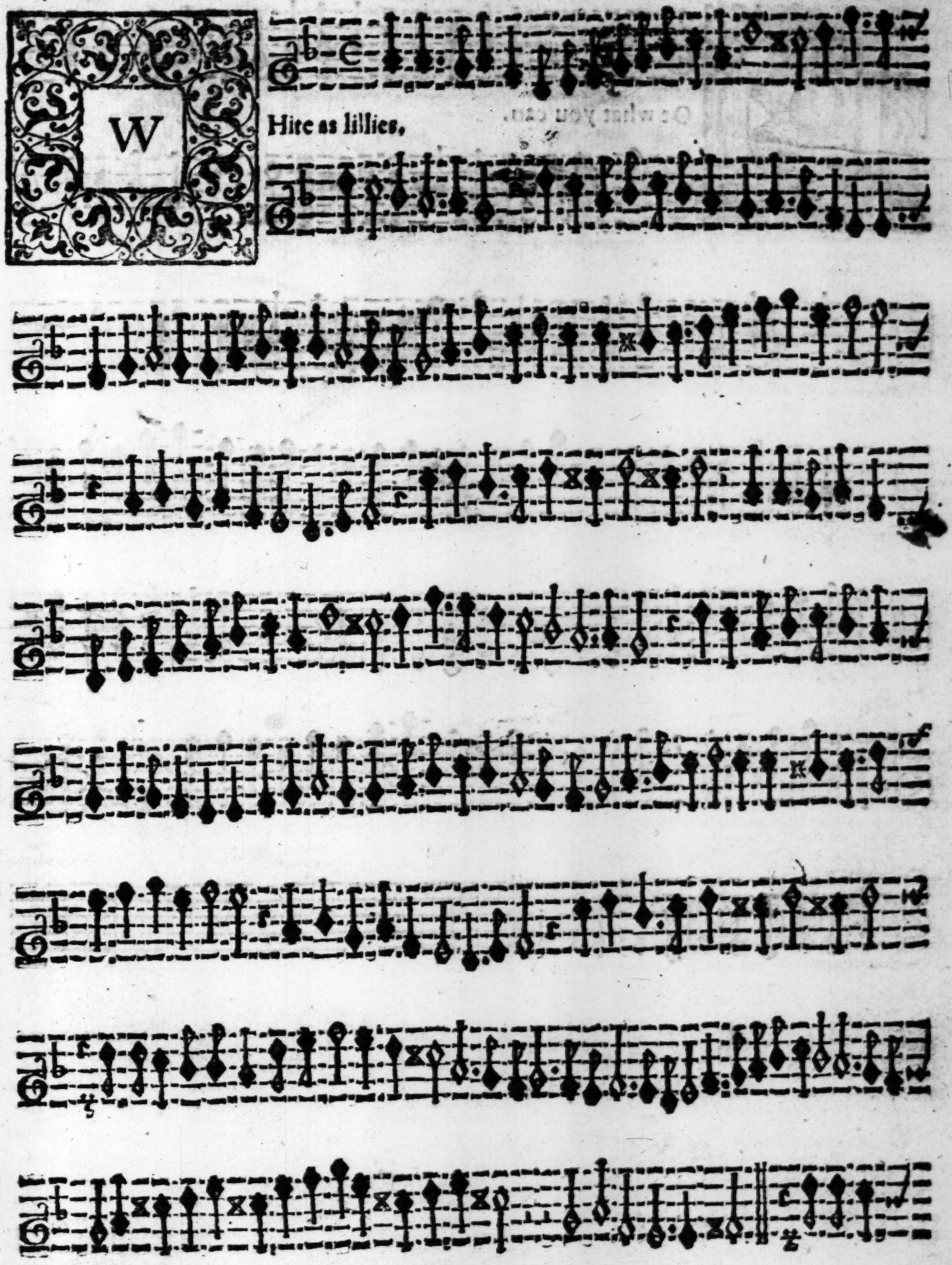



Hát art thou ?

O hast but good.

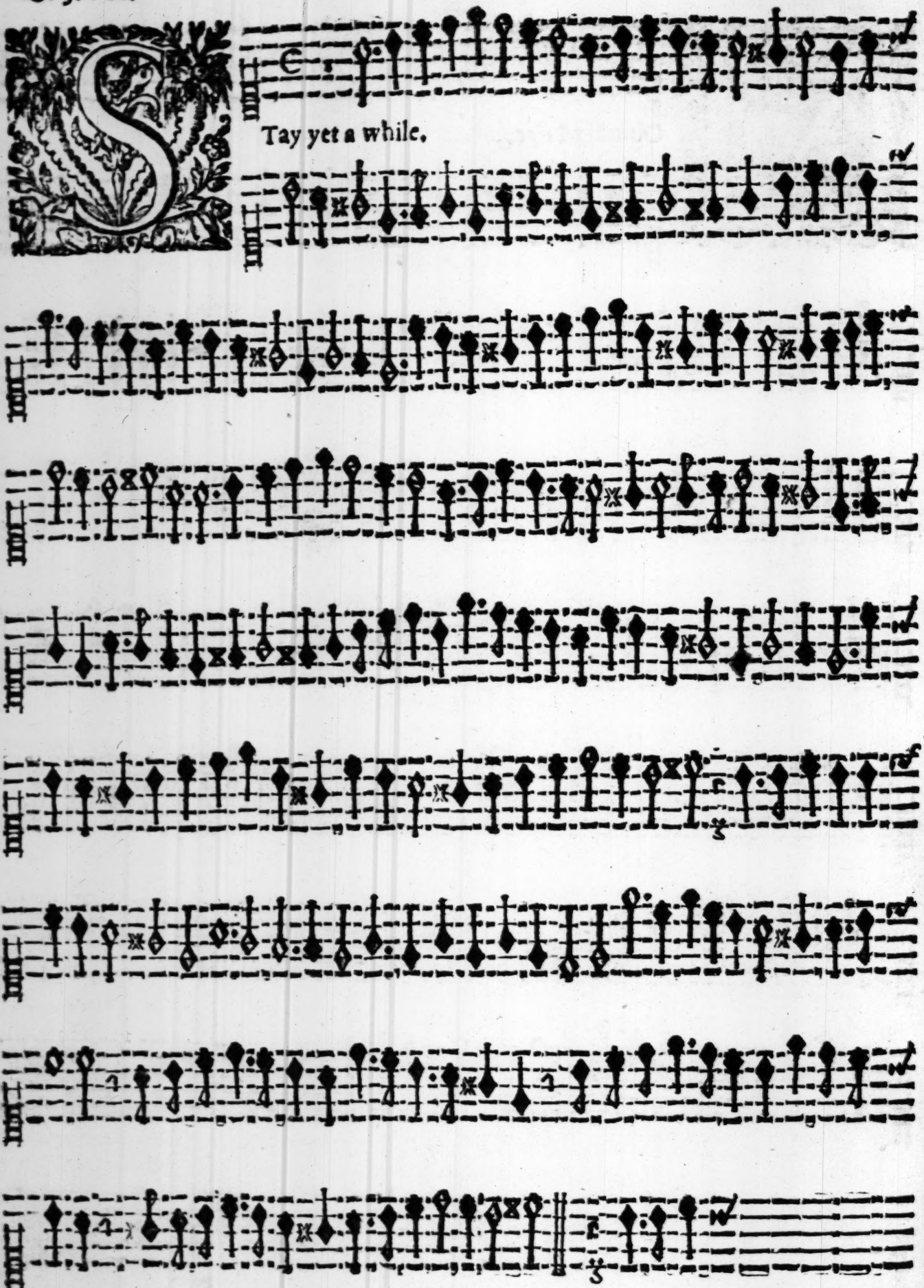
W

Hite as lillies,



Oc what you can.

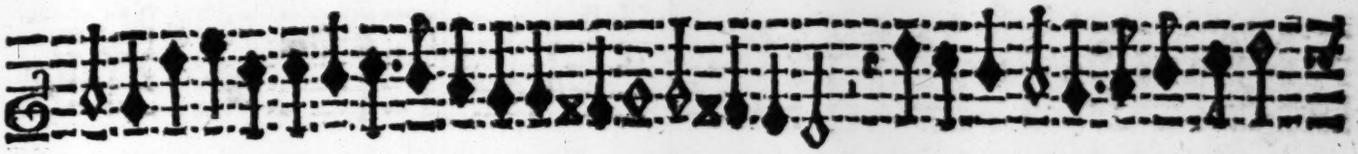
Ourning I dye,


Tay yet a while,

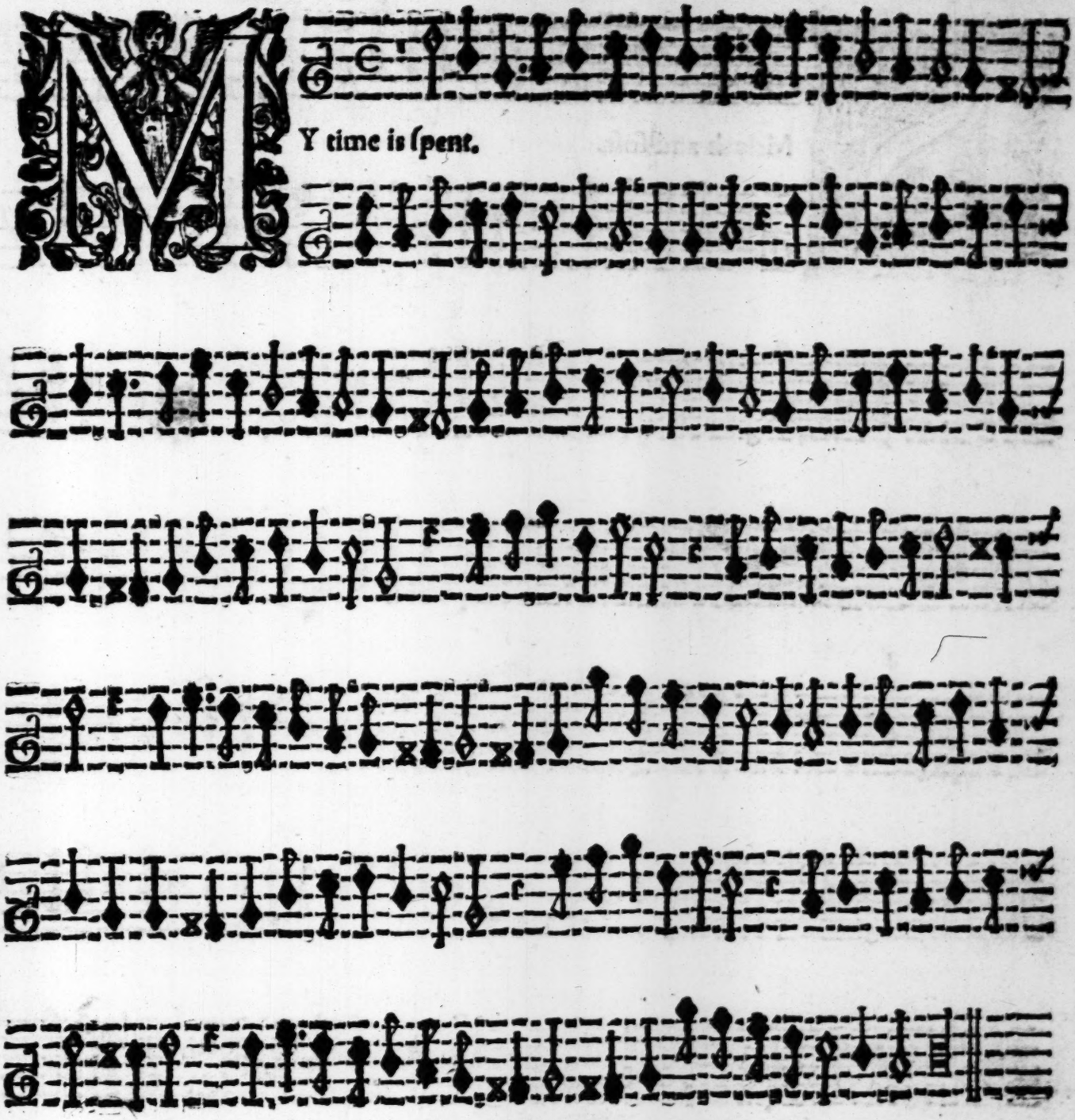
Ome, lets be gone.

Cannot ſtay.

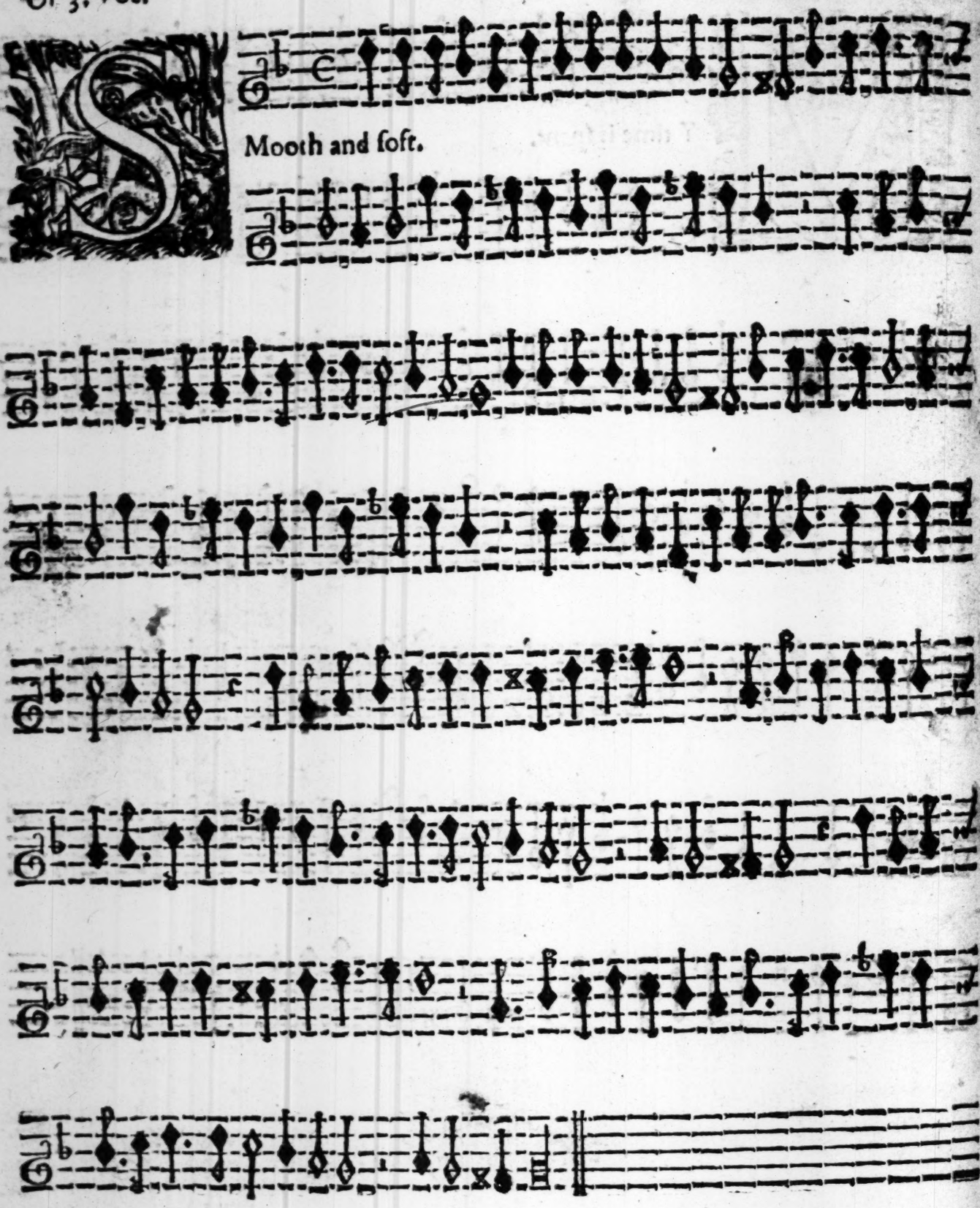
Eare not the end.



Iucly my hearts.


MY time is ſpent.

Mooth and ſoft.



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Songs full of Spirit and delight, So Compoſed in 5 Parts, that they are as apt for *Vyols* as *Voyces*.

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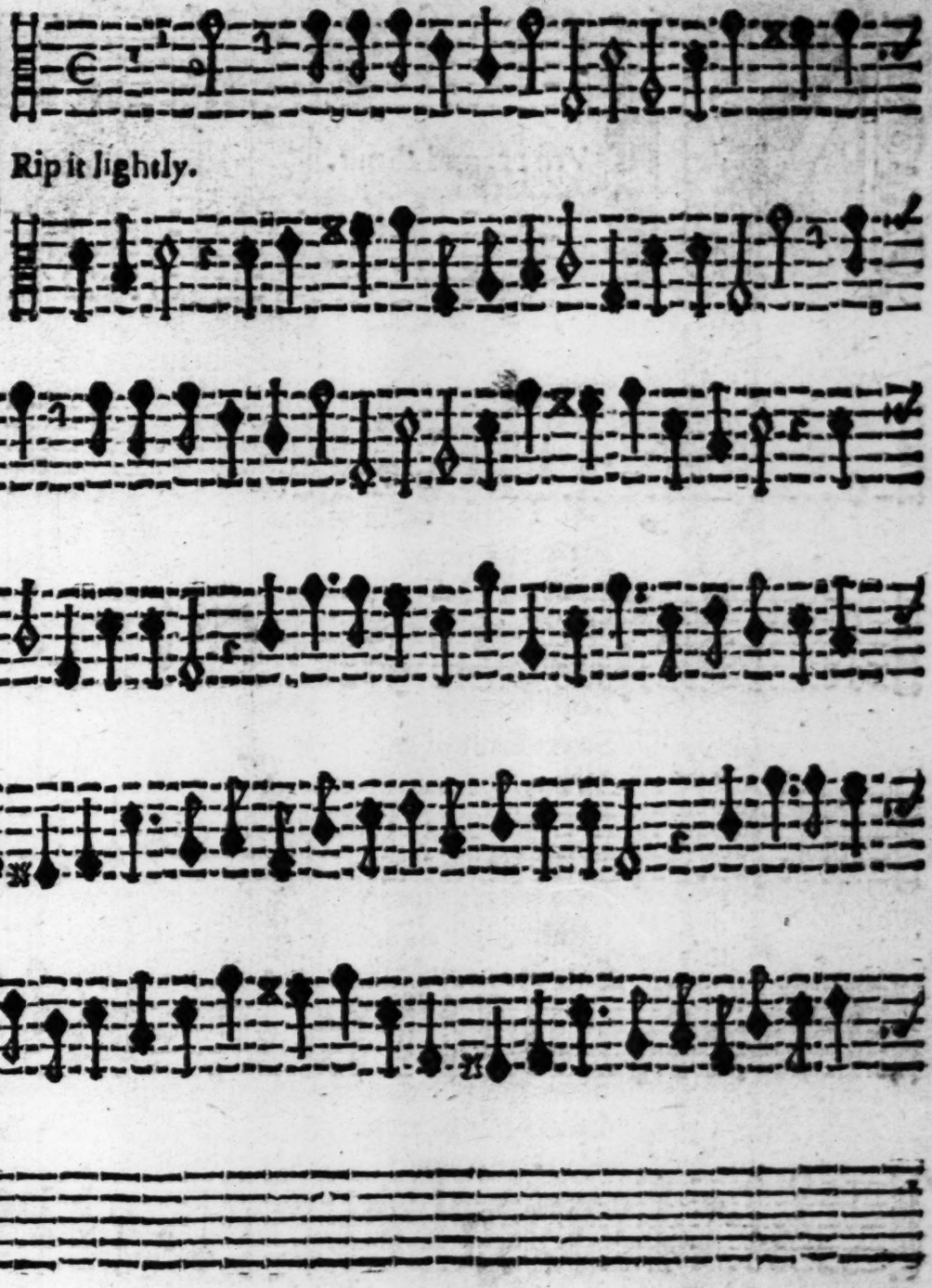
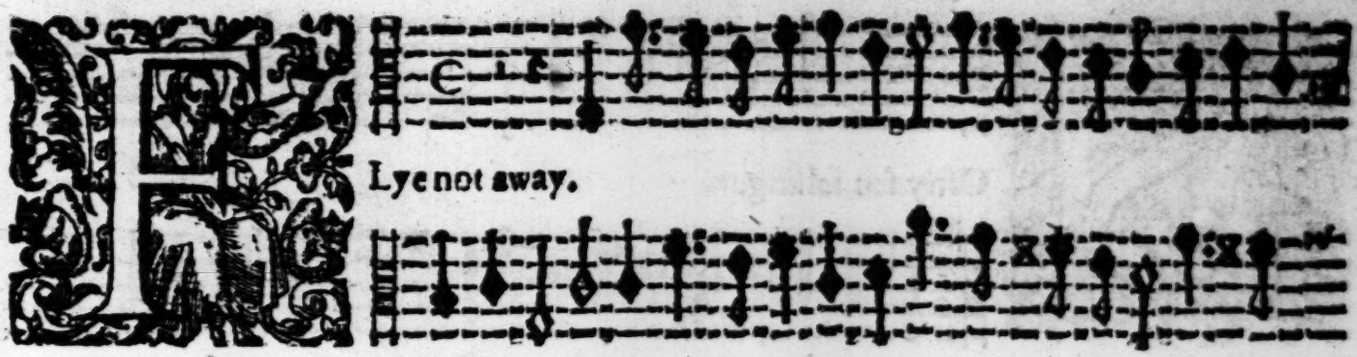
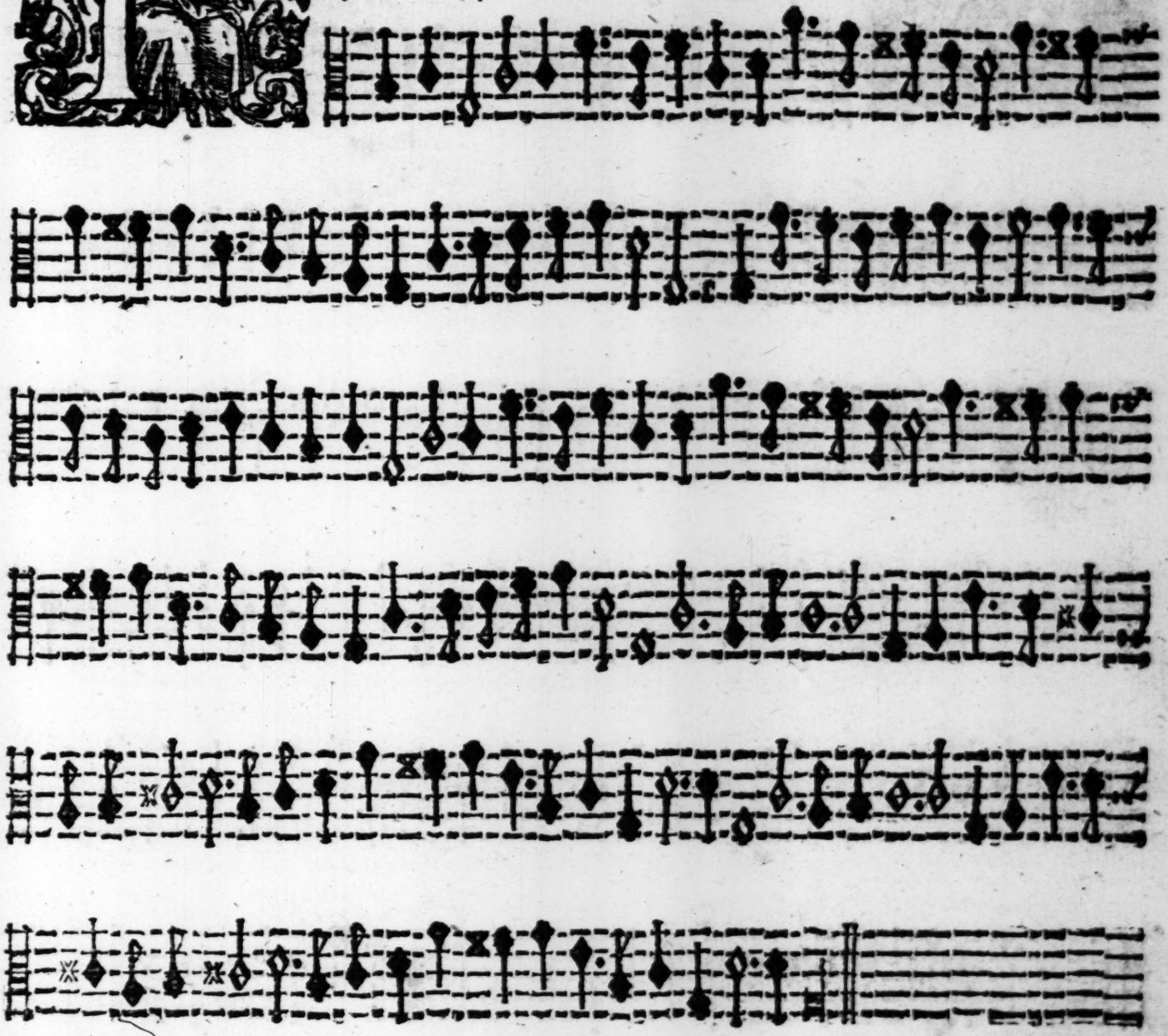


Vrne round about.

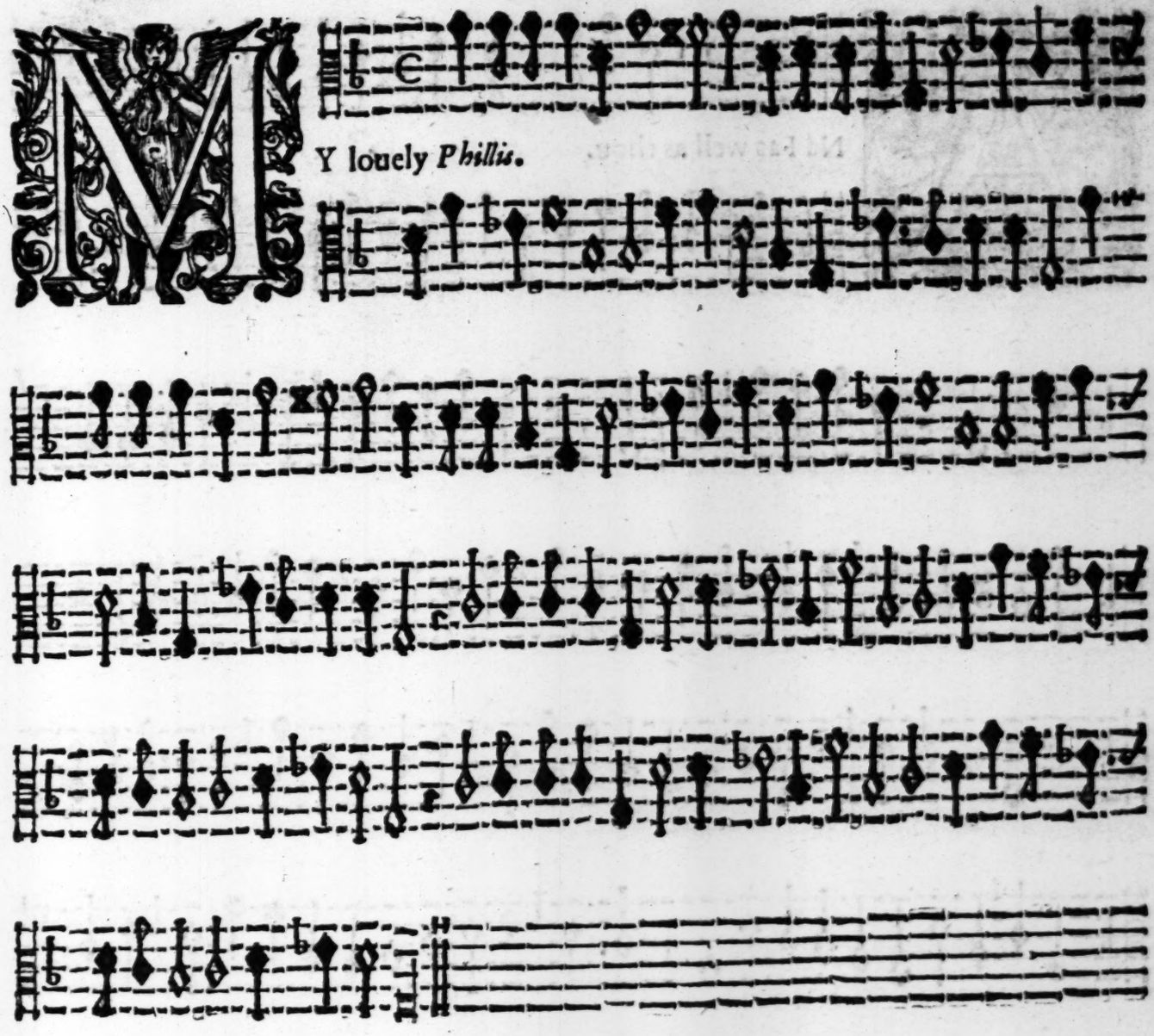


Lye not away.

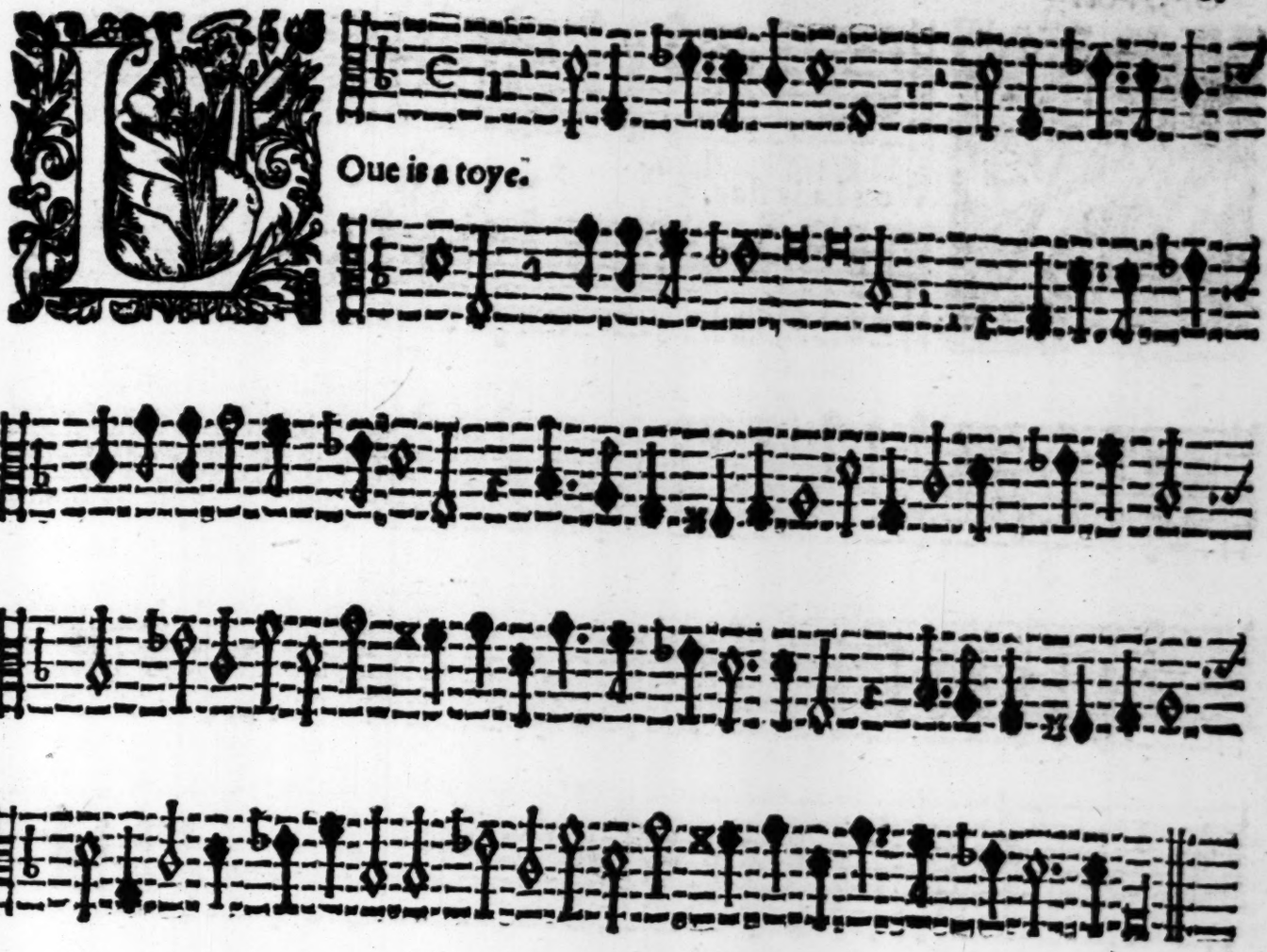


Oftly for falling.

Y louely *Phillis*.



Nd I as well as thou.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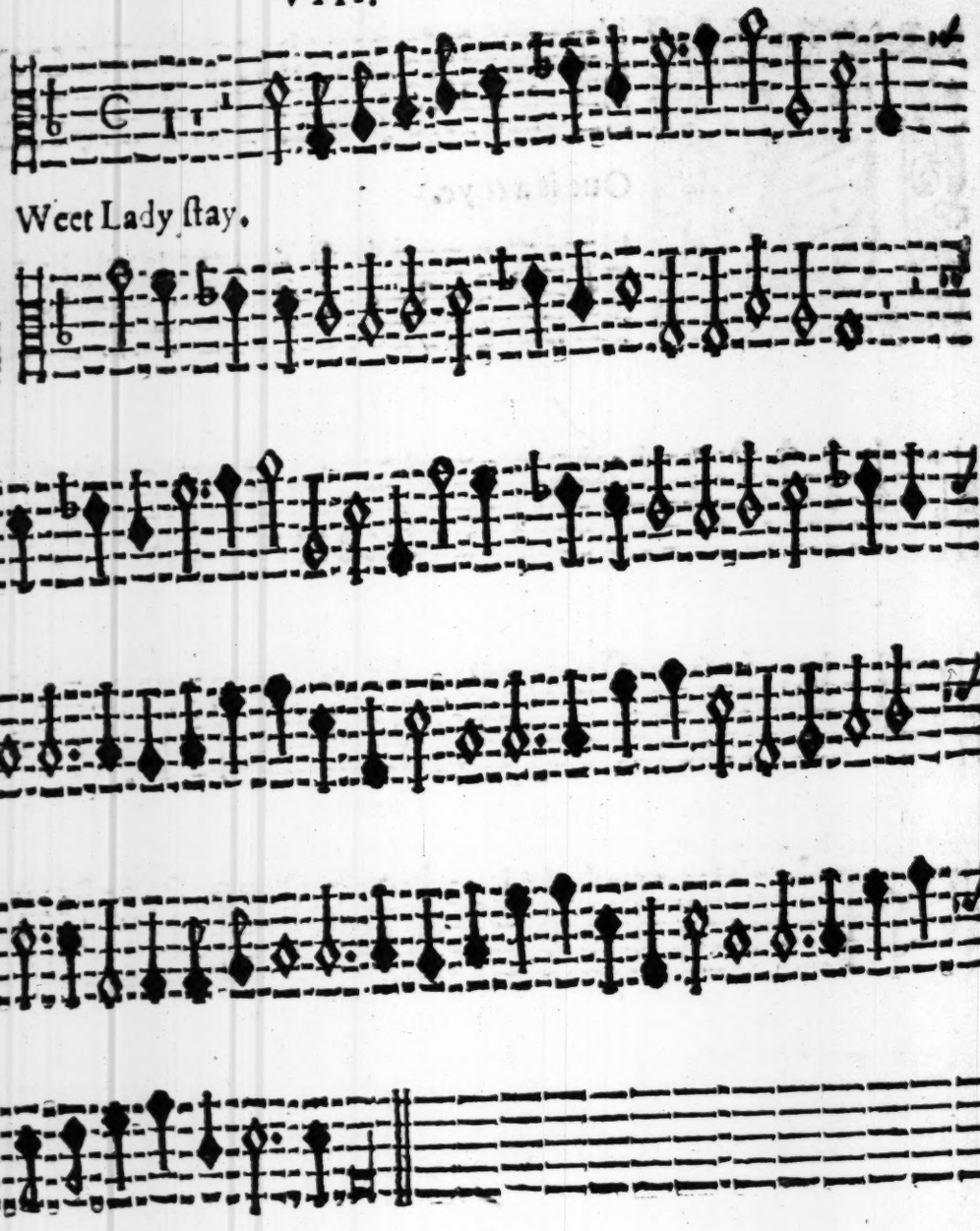
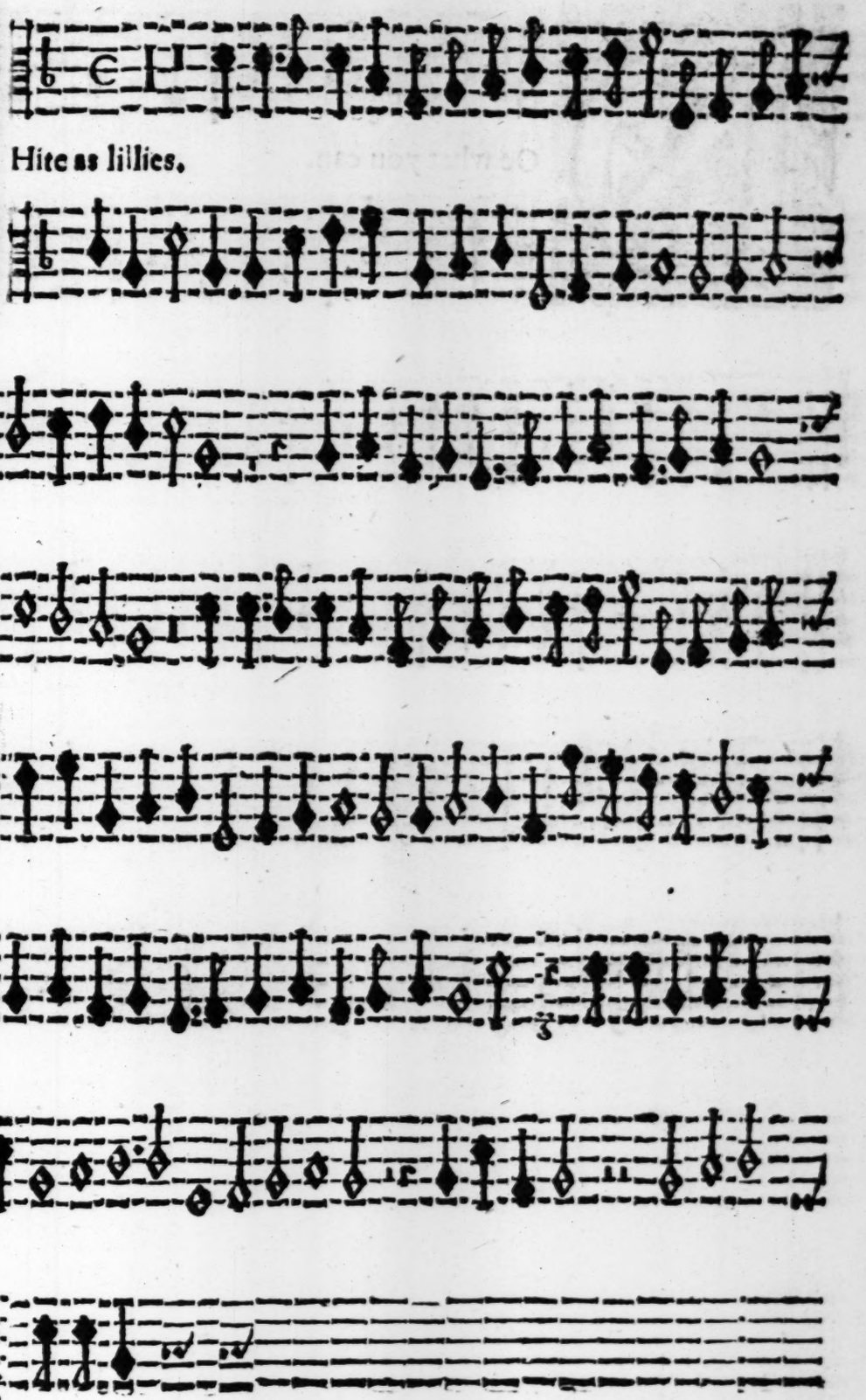


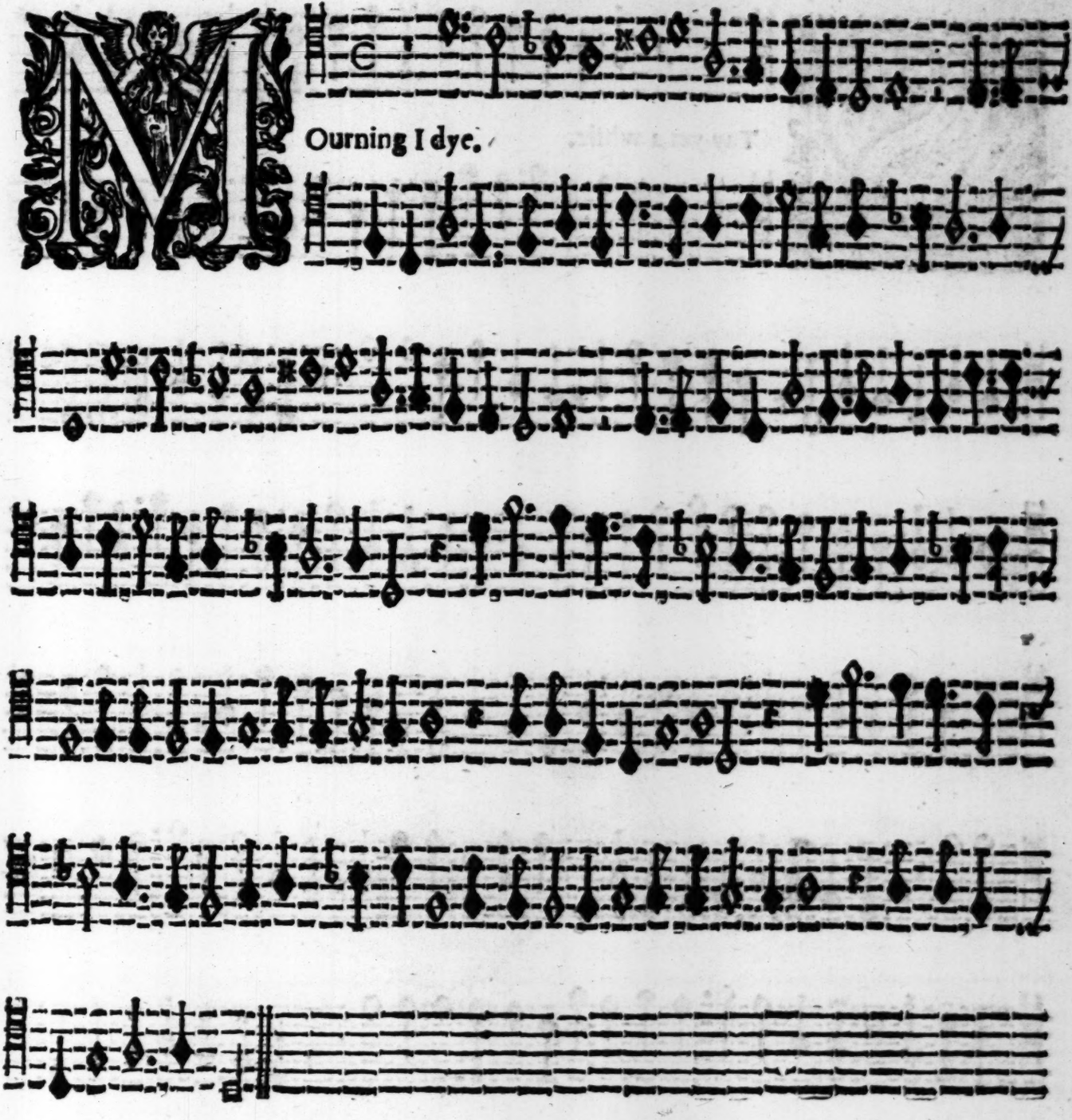
Hat art thou?

O hast but good.

Hite as lillies.



Oe what you can.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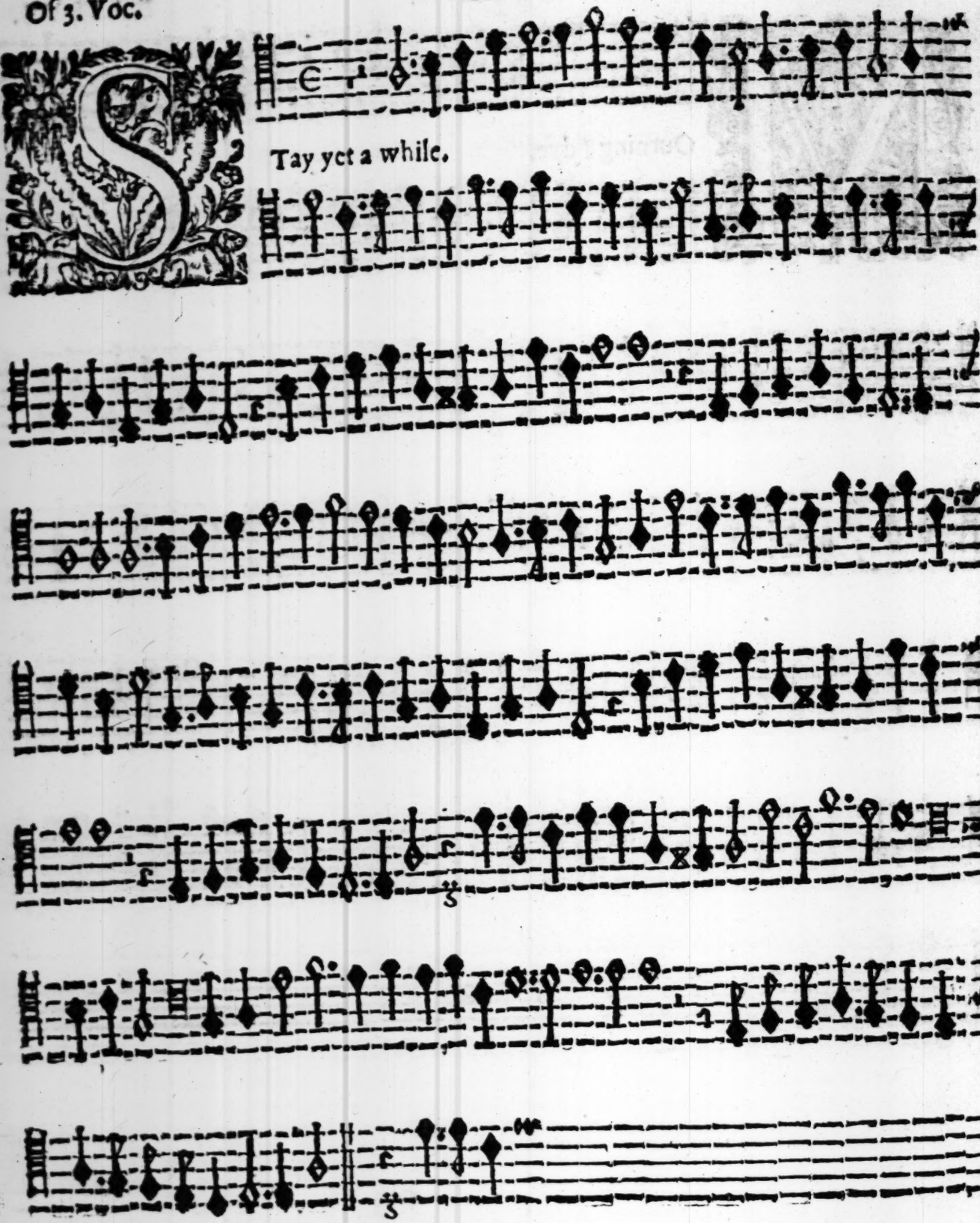
Tay yet a while.



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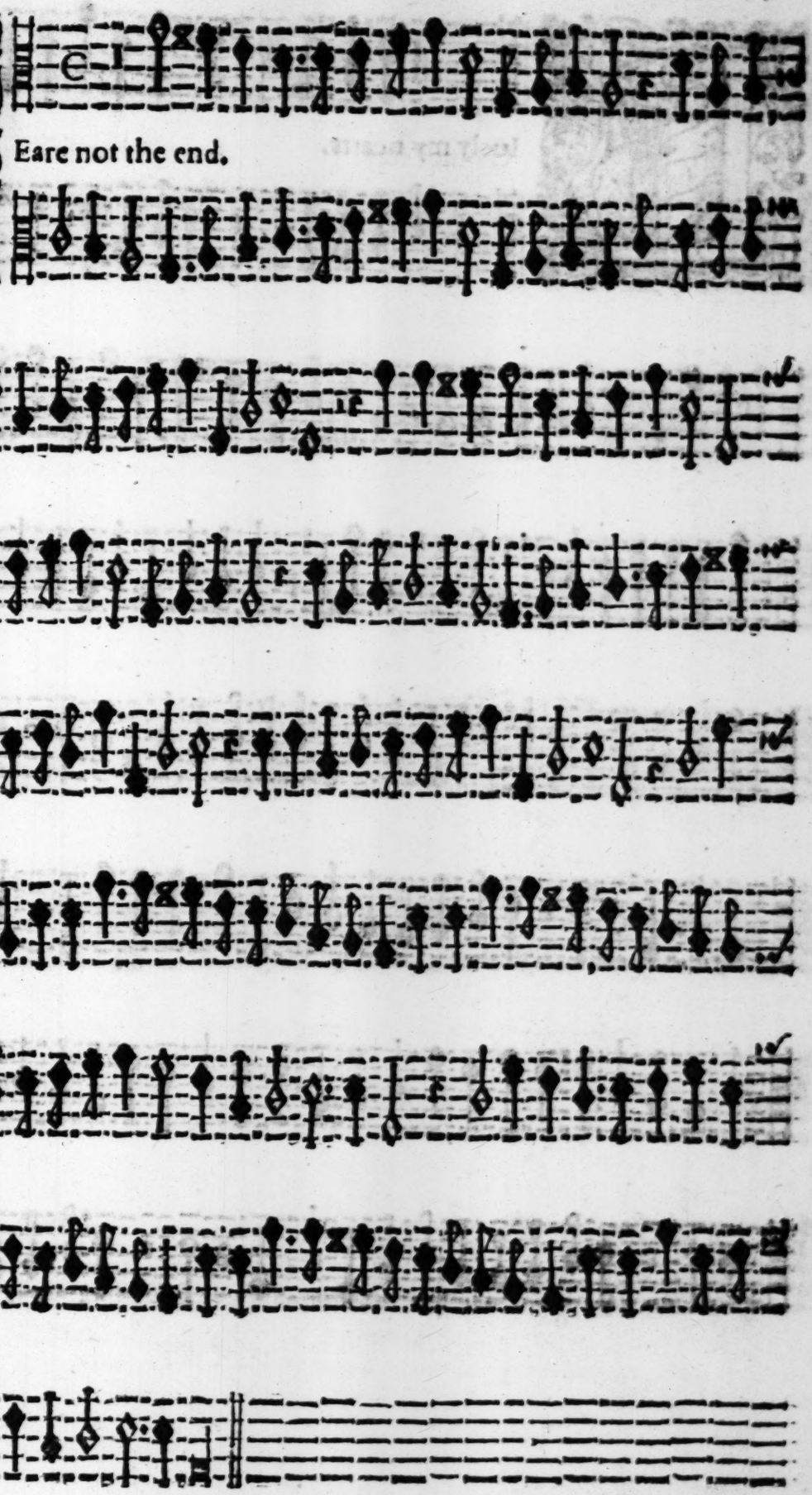

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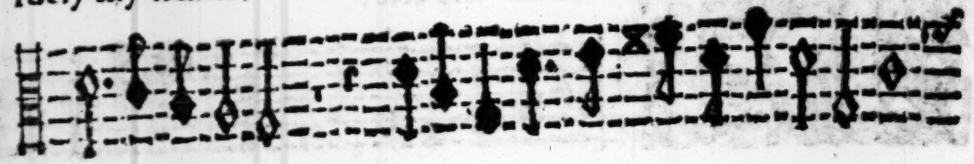

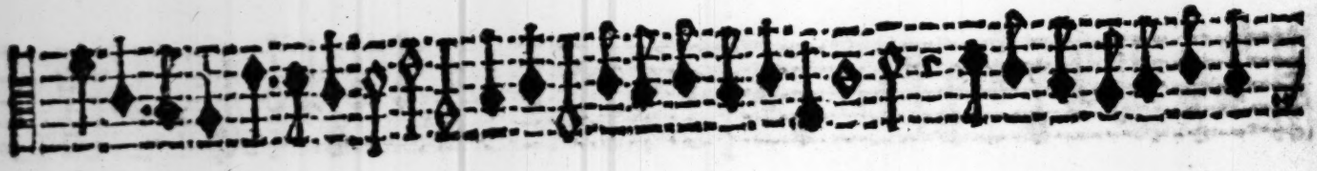

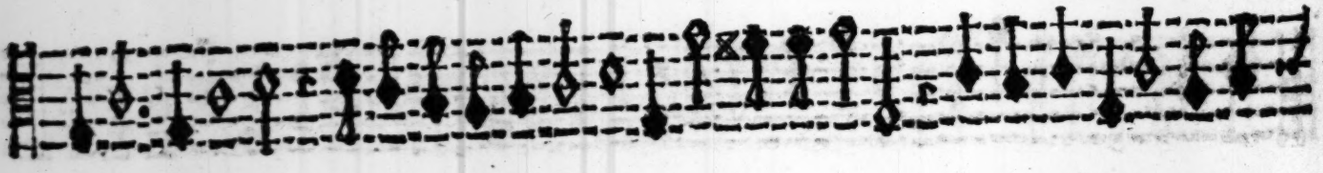

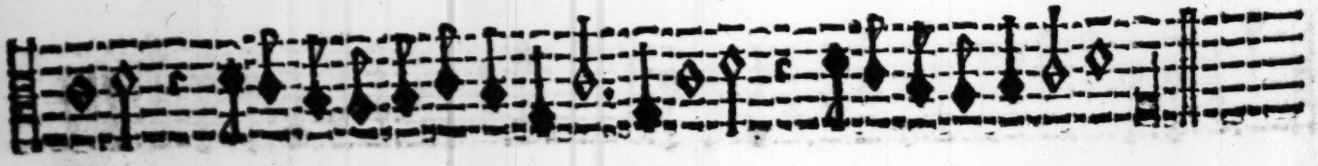

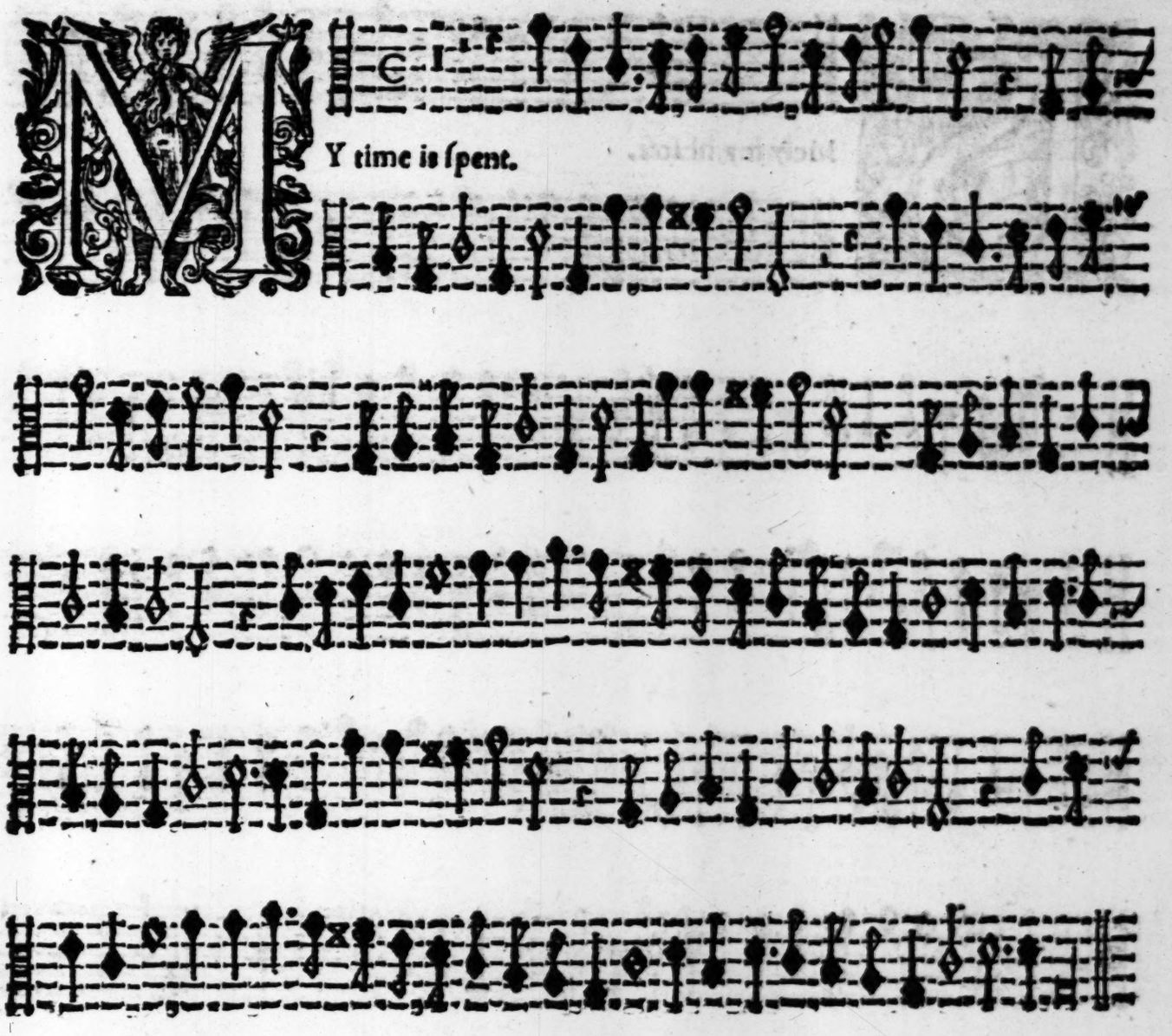
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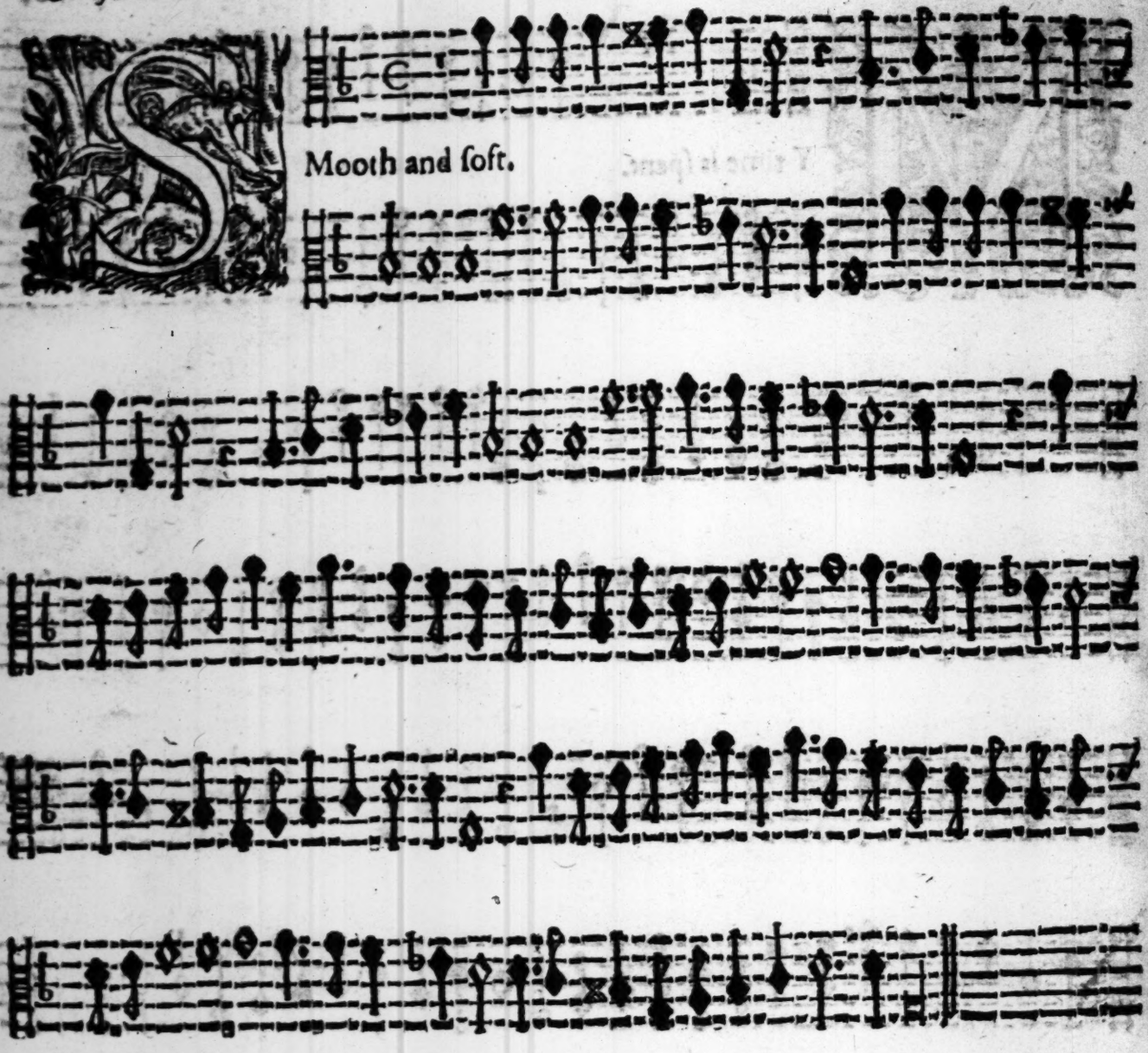
Mooth and ſoft.



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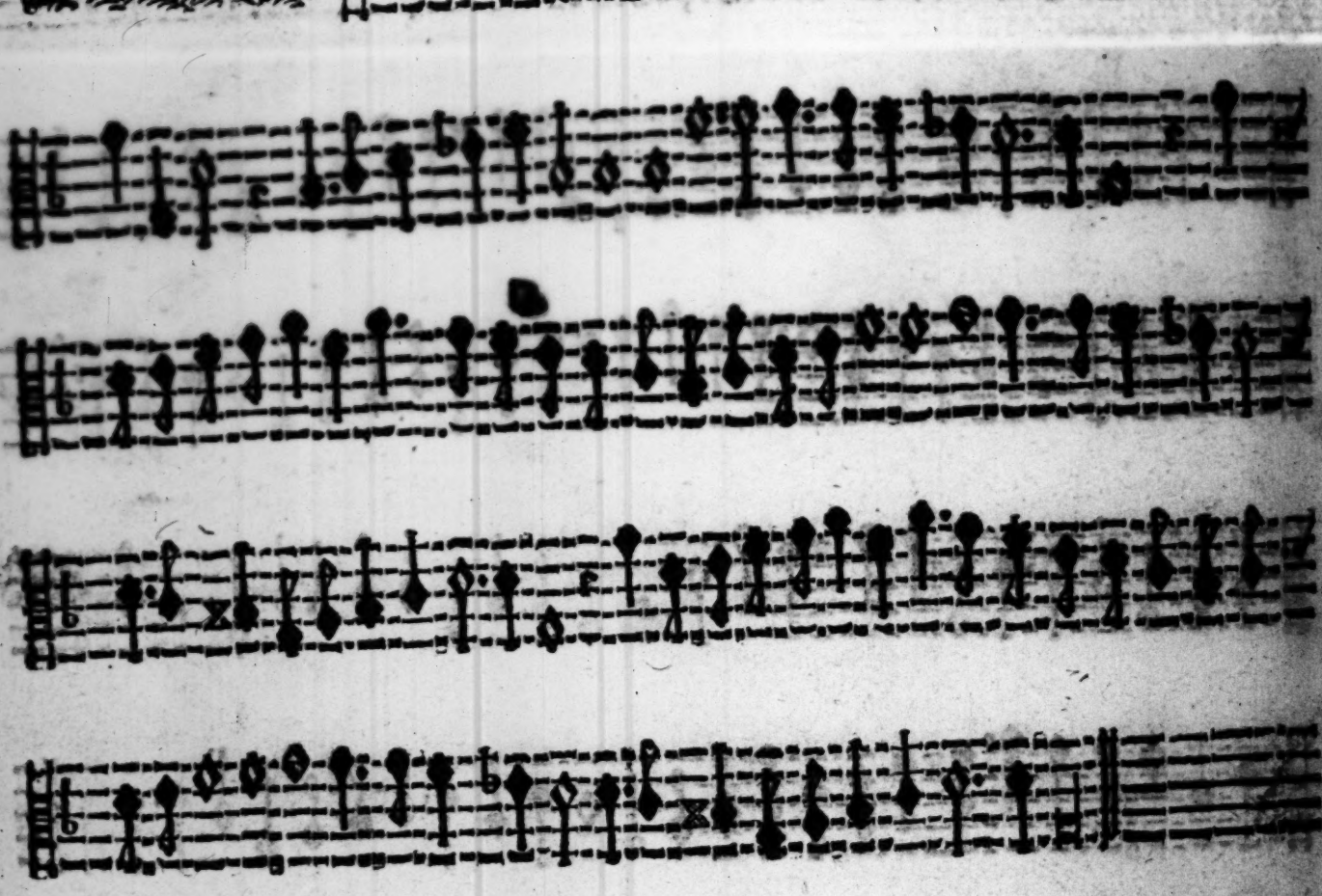
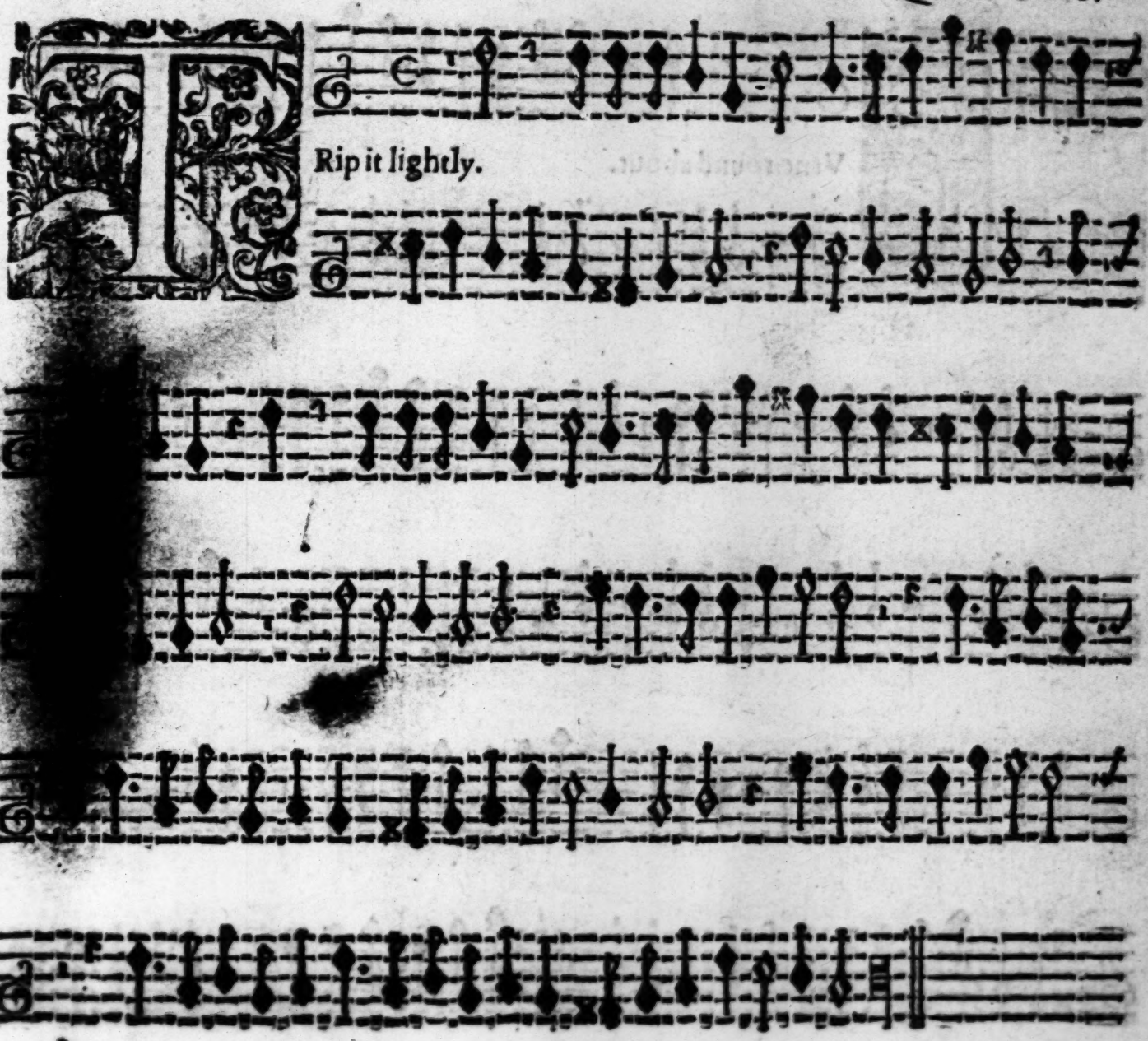


FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM



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TO THE RIGHT VVORSHIPFVLL, AND MY MVCH respected good friend, Sir WILLIAM OWEN, Knight, &c.

SIR:

ALL the Arts and Sciences which we know, and vse at this day, are come to the ripenesse and flourishing in which they are, by the encouragement that Noble Spirits haue from time to time afforded vnto such, as haue by nature or education been inclined to the speciall study and profession of them; It cannot be denied, but there be too few (of rancke and qualitie) which are pleased to cast a louing, and a gracious eye vpon Arts, and Artists, and loue Arts for the Arts themselues; yet the world, neither in this Kingdome, nor abroad, is as yet so farre degenerated, but it daily yeeldes some supply of such worthy persons as are delighted in some liberall Science, or other; And whilst they please themselues, grace, and confirme the good endeauours of others. In which number your selfe (especially of your place and quality) are one of the chiefe, that euer I knew, both for skill, and loue of this poore, though diuine Science, whereof I am a Professour. Indeede this, and all other Arts haue no enemies, but such as know them not; such as know them, can no more choose but loue them, then their owne eyes, or the light. But for your selfe, it is hard for me to say, whether your skill in this Art, among many other, hath made you loue it so much, or your loue of it made you so skilfull in it: Onely this I am sure of, that when I began to bethinke with my selfe to whom to Dedicate these Songs, I could finde none, to whom they might come more welcome then your selfe; none who was like to entertaine them more willingly, could vnderstand them better, or make more true vse of them. Yours therefore they shall be hereafter, they shall call you Patron, and vnder your protection come abroad, if you will be pleas'd (whereof I assure my selfe) to doe him so much honour to accept of them, which so much honours you, and will alwayes rest at your command

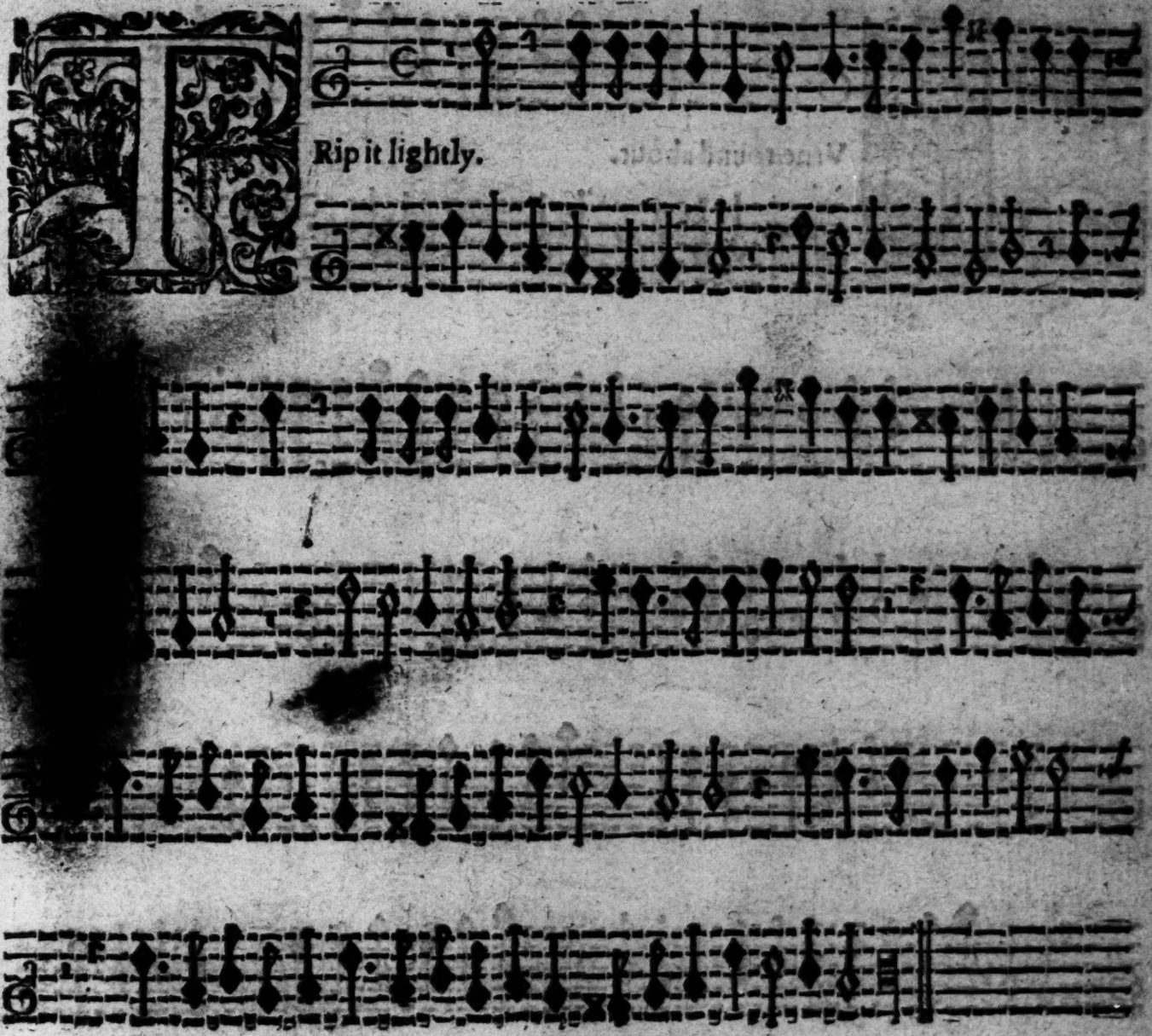
Your deuoted poore friend,

MICHAEL EAST.

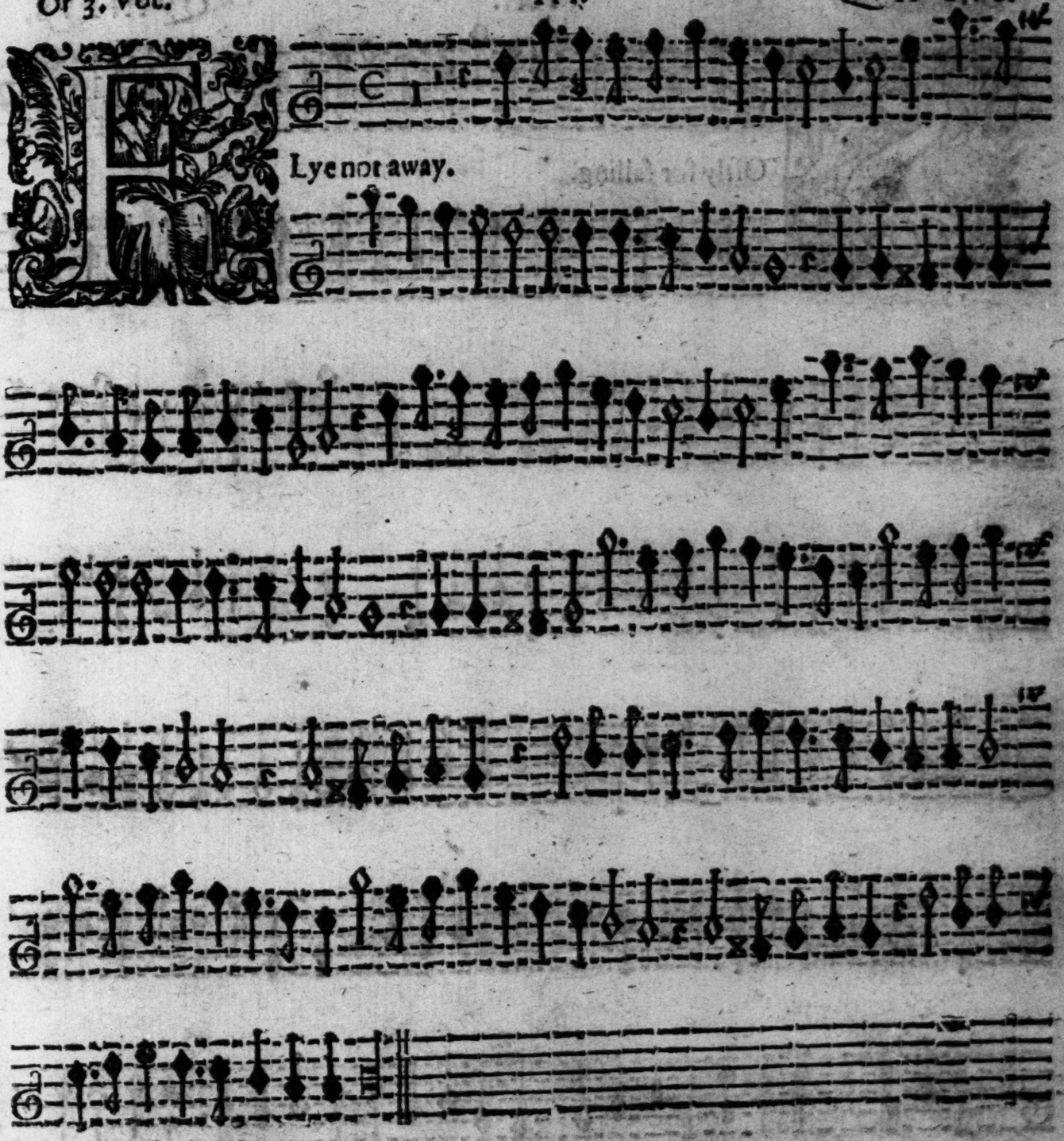
THE TABLE.

TRip it lightly.	I
Turne round about.	II
Fly not away.	III
Softly for falling.	IIII
My louely *Phillis*.	V
And I as well as thou.	VI
Loue is a toye.	VII
Sweet Lady ſtay.	VIII
What art thou?	IX
No haſt but good.	X
White as lillies.	XI
Doe what you can.	XII
Mourning I dye.	XIII
Stay yet a while.	XIIII
Come, lets be gone.	XV
I cannot ſtay	XVI
Feare not the end.	XVII
Liuely my hearts.	XVIII
My time is ſpent.	XIX
Smooth and ſoft.	XX

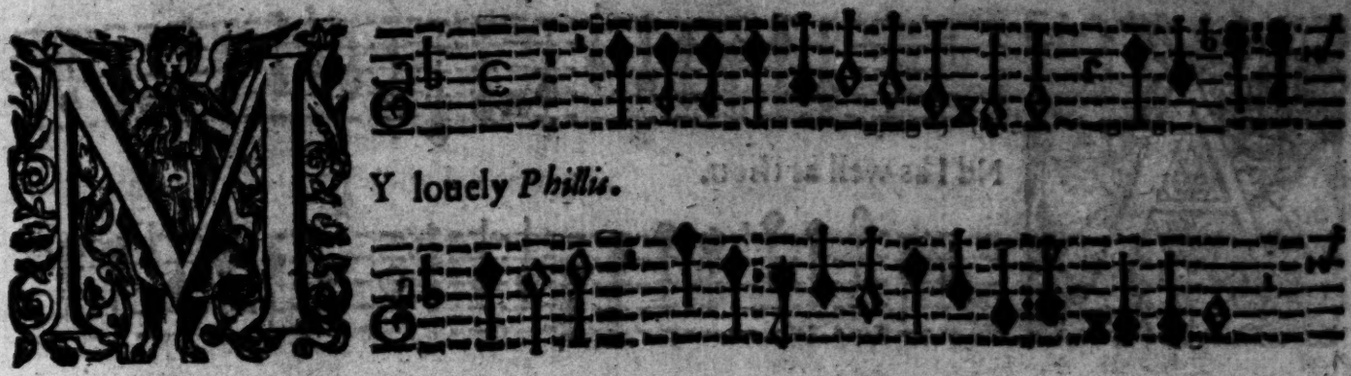
FINIS.


Rip it lightly.

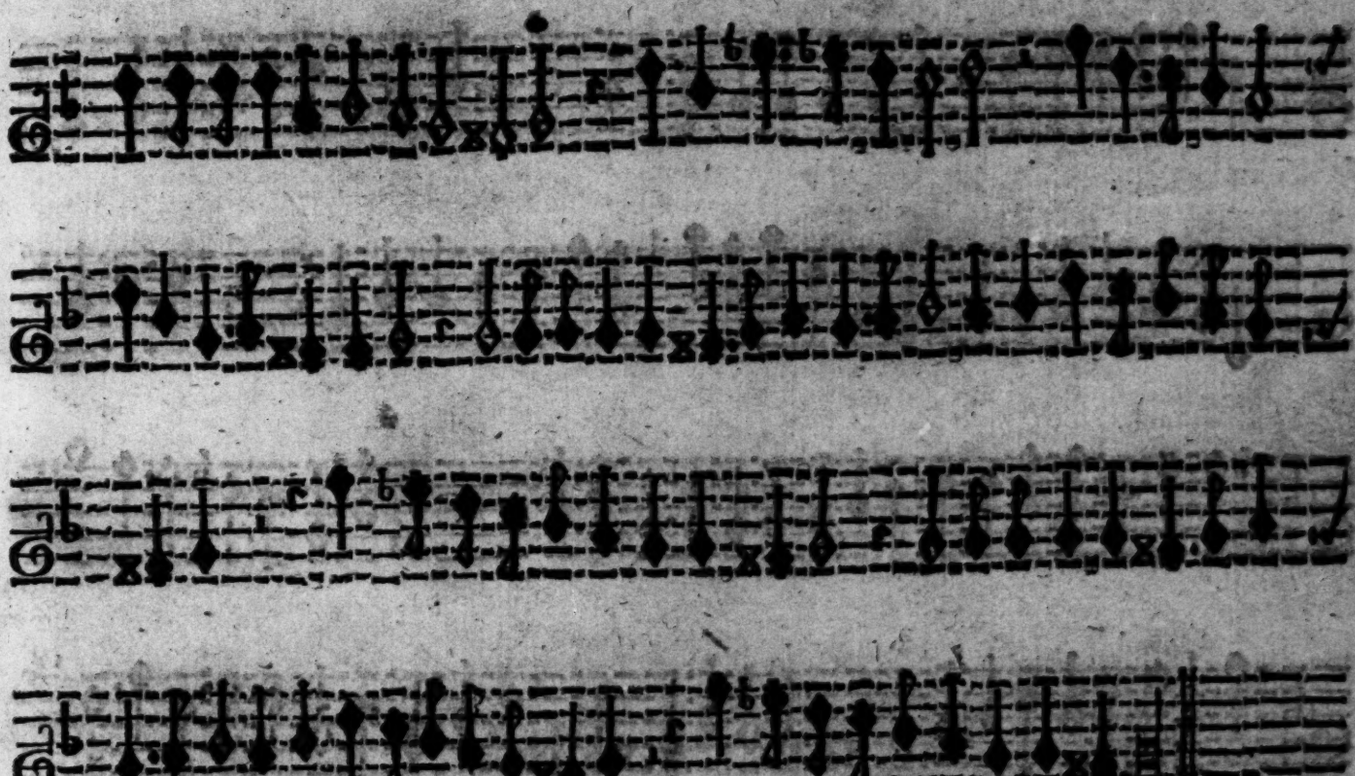
Vrne round about.


Lye not away.

Oftly for falling.



MY louely *Phillis*.



Nd I as well as theu.

Oue is a toye.

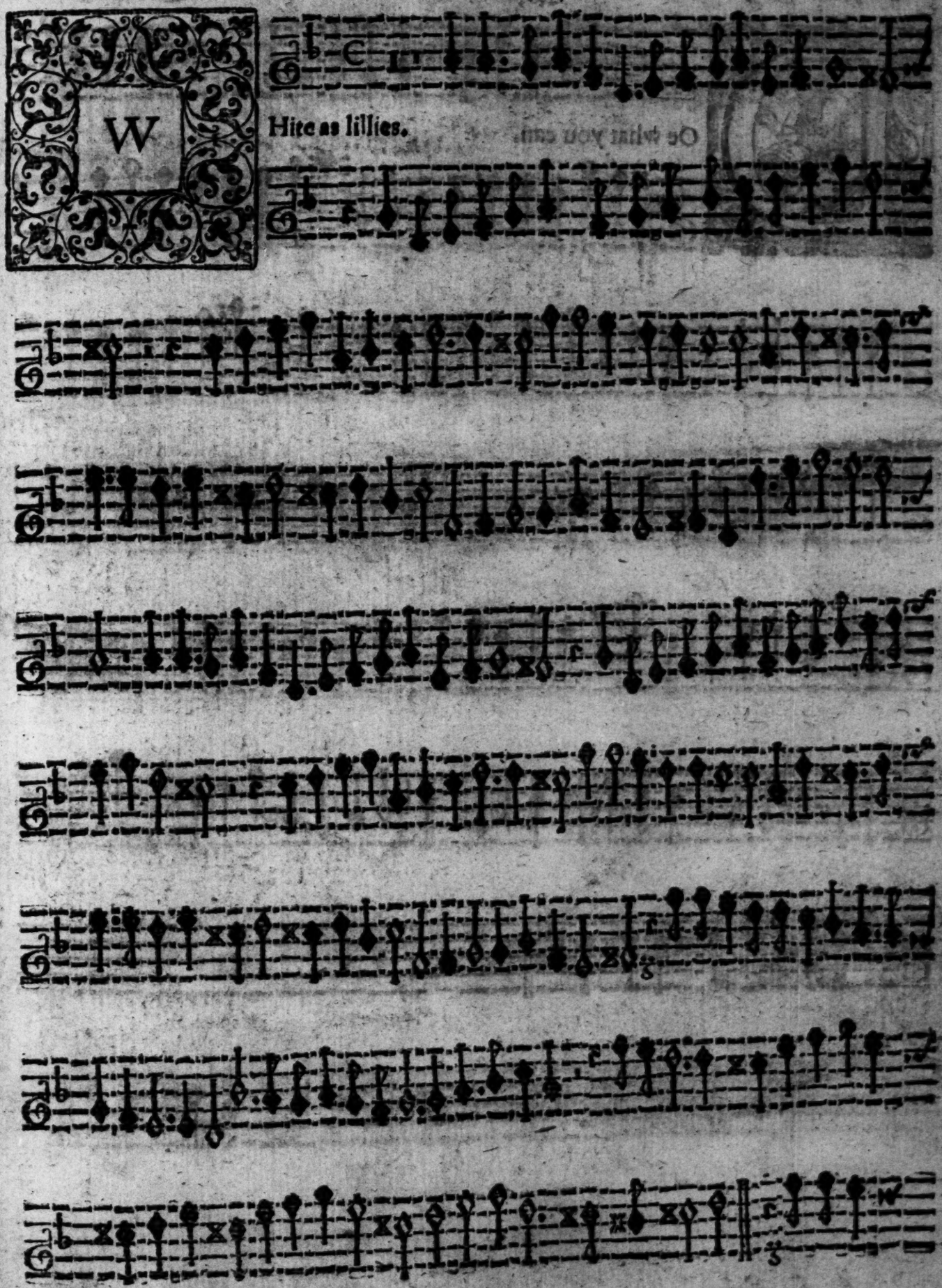
Weet Lady ſtay.

Hat art thou?

O hast but good.

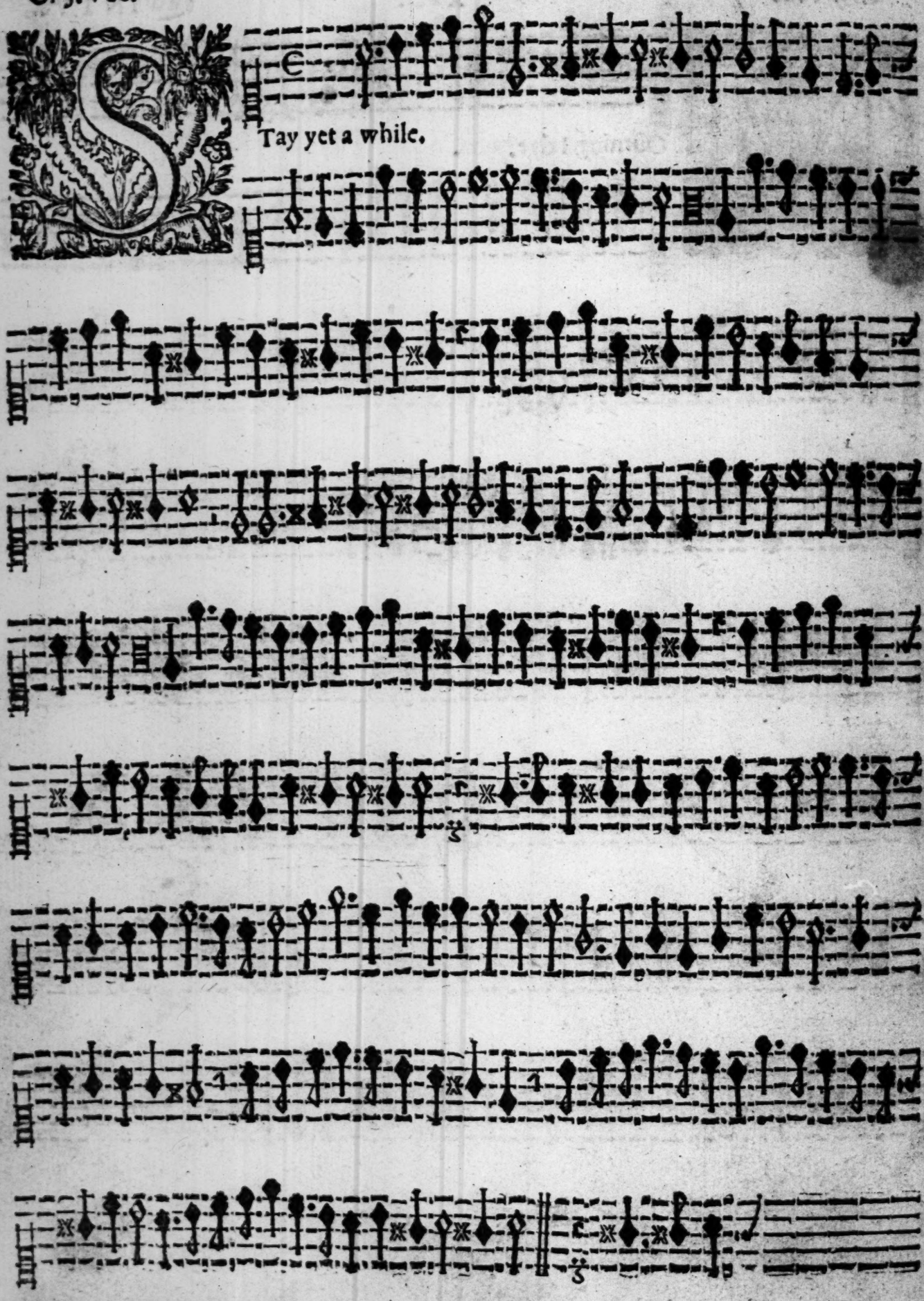
W

Hite as lillies.



Oe what you can.

Ourning I dye.


Tay yet a while.

Come, lets be gone.

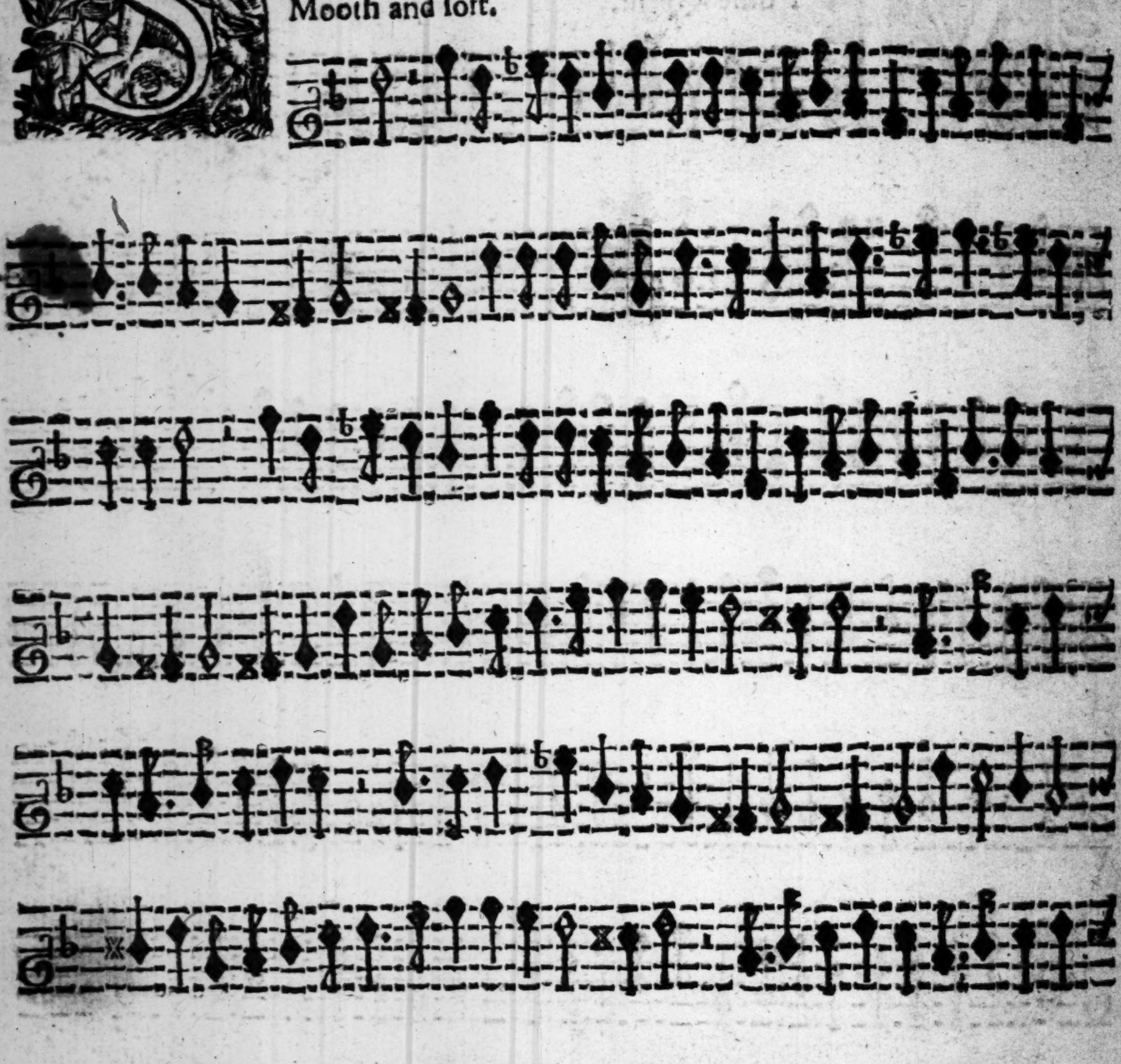
Cannot ſtay.

Eare not the end.

Iuely my hearts,

Y time is ſpent.

Mooth and ſoft.



FINIS.